The Outlook

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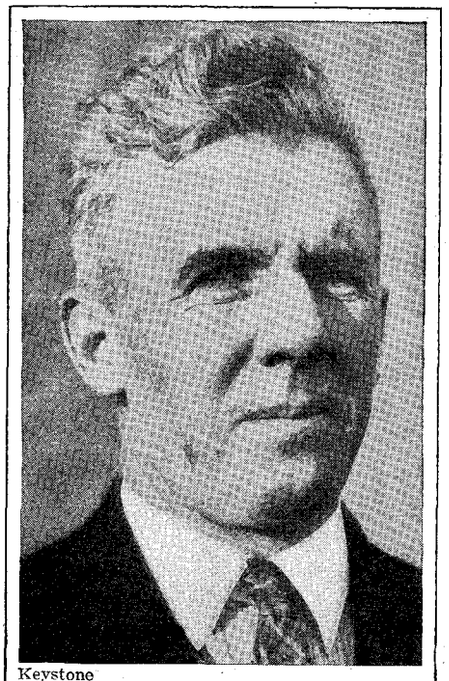
The Daugherty Case

IN the tragedy of Harry M. Daugherty's career America should see some reflection of her own weakness. That easy good nature that led President Harding to allow a man like Daugherty to become Attorney-General of the United States because he was a friend and a political helper, that made Daugherty himself the patron and crony of a man like Jess Smith, and that made it easy for the former Attorney-General and the former Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, to facilitate the approval of the claims of a good fellow like Richard Merton, who was generous with his money, is a characteristically American trait. It is probably at the root of most of our political corruption. It places personal favors above public obligation. It makes it easy for politicians to appeal to the public to condone trickery practiced in the name of good-fellowship. It makes possible the cohesiveness of such groups as Tammany and the "Ohio gang." If America is now humiliated by having a former Attorney-General prosecuted for conspiracy to defraud the Government whose servant he was and unable to clear his own name before a jury, it is because Americans too often count mere good nature of itself a virtue and more to be trusted than a sense of duty and a will to do the right thing at all cost.

A Federal jury, after listening many days to testimony concerning complicated transactions on a charge obscured by technicalities and after deliberations lasting more than sixty-two hours, were unable to decide unanimously whether, in turning over to German claimants $7,000,000 which had been seized during the war by the Government, Harry M. Daugherty and Thomas W. Miller were guilty of conspiring to defraud the Government of their honest and faithful services. There was no charge against them of accepting bribes. That accusation had legally expired by virtue of the statute of limitations. Evidence was produced to show that both the defendants had received money from a representative of the claimants, Richard Merton; but the jurymen could not convict them on that account alone. The jury disagreed on the question whether they were guilty of the specific kind of conspiracy charged. Bonds were traced on their way from Merton to the account of Miller and very close to the account of Daugherty. Records desired by the prosecution in the search for proof that



Keystone

Howard P. Savage, Newly Elected Commander of the American Legion

the amount reached Daugherty's account were, however, burned by Daugherty himself.

In the eyes of the law, a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. The fact remains nevertheless that a considerable part, perhaps a majority, of the jury believed both Daugherty and Miller to be guilty, not merely of receiving money, but of conspiring to defraud the Government. The fact also remains that the man who was once a powerful Attorney-General of the United States is now, to use the words of his own counsel, "a broken old man."

The Chemical Foundation Vindicated

AN attempt to discredit and destroy one of the great constructive acts of President Wilson's Administration has been finally thwarted. The United States Supreme Court, reaffirming the decisions of lower Federal courts, has declared that the sale of German dye and chemical patents, trade-marks, and copyrights by the Alien Property Custodian to the Chemical Foundation was valid.

The creation of the Chemical Foundation was brilliantly conceived and most competently concluded. If it had been nullified by court action, the American people would have suffered a real calamity. The decision of the Supreme Court that the Foundation was well established by law is a cause for public satisfaction. The attack upon the Foundation was conceived when Harry M. Daugherty was Attorney-General and Thomas W. Miller Alien Property Custodian. The decision of the Supreme Court has dramatically come at a time when these two former public servants have escaped conviction on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government of their services only by the disagreement of a jury. This suit was one of the darkest blots on the Harding Administration.

Before the war Germany had a great weapon of war in the possession of these chemical patents and like properties. They were as much a part of the armament of Germany as the Krupp gun works. They were seized and used by the American Government in the prosecution of the war. All such property under international law is subject to seizure in time of war. So far as it is the property of private persons it should be paid for. Such adjustments have been provided for by treaty. A corporation known as the American Chemical Foundation, of a quasi-public character, was created, not for the purpose of making profits, but for the purpose of allowing the use of these patents in open competition and thus freeing American industry from a foreign monopoly. Under the direction of President Wilson, the German patents were sold to the Foundation for a nominal sum. When the Harding Administration came in, T. W. Miller, the Alien Property Custodian, was directed by the President to demand that the Chemical Foundation turn these German patents and like properties back to the American Government. The Chemical Foundation declined, and thereupon, under Attorney-General Daugherty, a suit was instituted. The United States District

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Court of the District of Delaware rendered its decision against the Harding Administration and at least by implication rebuked the Department of Justice for its course. In the Circuit Court of Appeals the Chemical Foundation again came out victorious, and has now finally been vindicated by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Partly Right, Partly Wrong

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES is in conflict anew with Senators Borah of Idaho, Johnson of California, and Edwards of New Jersey. Mr. Edwards is a Democrat, the other two are Republicans—with qualifying adjectives. The conflict came about because of what the Vice-President said in an address before the American Legion. The Vice-President, it appeared, is opposed to the direct primary, and the Senators are opposed to everything else—at least to every other method of nominating a candidate for public office.

This is one of those conflicts which, we think, might be avoided. Certainly, after what has happened in Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and elsewhere, the Senators cannot really believe that the primary as a method of making nominations is perfect. On the other hand, we do not believe that Vice-President Dawes would be willing to have the several States abandon all the benefits which the primary has brought us and revert to the methods that were in vogue when we had nothing but caucuses and conventions; indeed, the Vice-President by using the phrase "largely abolish" indicates that he would preserve some of the features of the primary. The American Federation of Labor regards the primary in danger and wants it rescued from its enemies; but even the American Federation of Labor cannot defend the primary at its worst. Why is it necessary to think that the primary should either be preserved intact or wholly wiped out?

We believe that the primary is best when it is the gun behind the door. It has certainly not improved the type of public servants. It has not been successful even in discovering and registering the choice of the party voters. In the convention and committee the merits of candidates can be discussed. It is when the committee or convention fails that the primary should be available for the correction of the convention's or the committee's mistakes. Knowledge that the primary will be available at any time is likely in most cases to make any appeal to it unnecessary.

Six Varieties of Prohibition Referendums

MANY voters on election day will have something besides candidates to discuss. In nine States some phase of the liquor problem will go before the electors in the form of a referendum.

The New York referendum is admirably discussed by Congressman Davenport in this week's issue of The Outlook. Mr. Davenport, as our readers know, is one of the outstanding leaders in his party. He had a remarkable record in the New York Senate and is certainly one of the best-equipped Congressmen in the House of Representatives.

Wisconsin voters will have a chance to express their opinion as to whether or not the Volstead Act should be amended to permit the manufacture and sale of 2.75 per cent beer.

Nevada voters will have a chance to vote "yes" or "no" on the proposal that the Prohibition Law has generally failed of its purpose.

The California proposal takes the form of a vote of approval or disapproval of the State Enforcement Act.

Colorado is likewise facing the question of approval or disapproval of the State liquor laws. Voters of Colorado are also asked to approve or disapprove of an Amendment to the State Constitution to provide for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors by the State of Colorado for personal and domestic use. A similar question may go before the voters of Missouri if a legal tangle in regard to the place of the referendum on the ballot is cleared up in time.

Montana will vote on the question of the repeal of State statutes dealing with prohibition enforcement.

In Illinois the question of repealing the State Enforcement Act is the issue.

Oregon is considering methods of enforcement rather than the repeal of State and National measures.

Poor Professional Football

IN its first season under the auspices of two complete leagues professionalized college football—and it is exactly that—has not been so far a great success either artistically or financially. On the day that Holy Cross was defeating Harvard in the stadium, before a crowd of at least 30,000, two star professional teams playing in Boston drew a meager 4,000. Subsequent crowds have been an improvement, 15,000 turning out to see the New York Giants open their season at the Polo Grounds. That was the largest crowd of the season so far, and it was a Sunday gathering at that. On a day when college football drew close to a quarter of a million spectators in the East alone, the total attendance at the professional games all over the country did not exceed 75,000. It must be remembered, too, that the professional promoters always see to it that plenty of "paper" is handed out. These figures are not the sort of figures that appeal to promoters of the type of Tim Mara, Billy Gibson, and C. C. Pyle. They mean a meager future for stars who are anxious to desert the college ranks. The much-talked-of salaries simply are not there.

Curiously enough, two men who should favor professional football, if any close to the game at the colleges do, have helped to hurt the game, without malice, but simply by way of telling the truth. It was Robert C. Zuppke, the fiery little Illinois coach, who said at an Illinois team dinner that he hoped he would be able to go through this season without having to handle "any more $100,000 players." And it was Knute Rockne, of Notre Dame, who pointed out the fact that the professional game is bound to be duller than the college affair. Knute told the truth when he said that defense was largely an individual affair, while attack depended on perfect team work. In other words, star players can set up a very strong defense, while stars do not fit together on attack when they are playing only for money. The games so far have shown this to be true.

To state it flatly and frankly, the professional game is not worth watching if there is a college game even among small institutions under way within a distance of twenty miles or so. The professional stars cease to be stars. And, with the colleges now closely watching their men, there are no more stars coming along until so long after the season in which they made their reputation that that reputation has been materially dimmed.

What the promoters have failed to realize is that they have taken hold of a game that is essentially rooted in amateurism. That is not the case with baseball, which was founded on profession-

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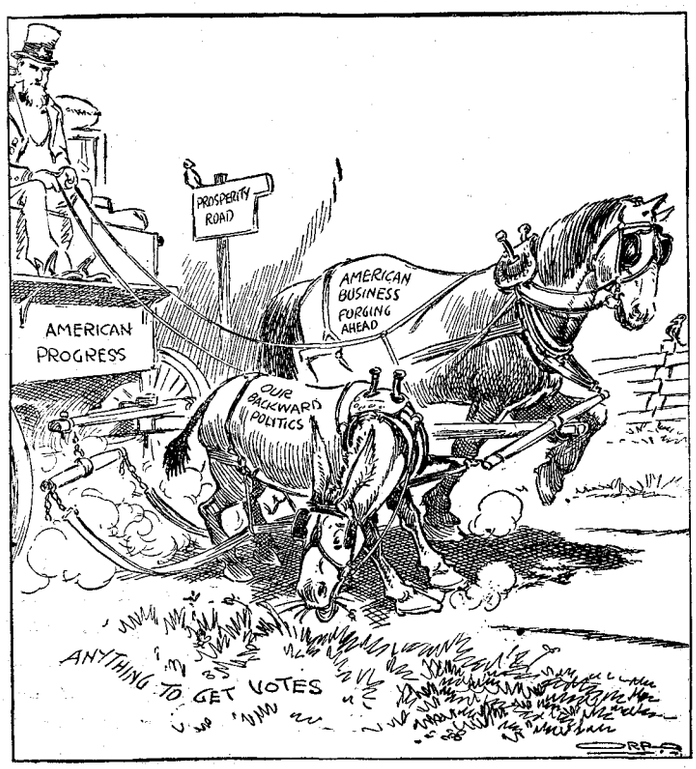
Either led or driven

(Julius Cæsar, Act IV, Scene 1)

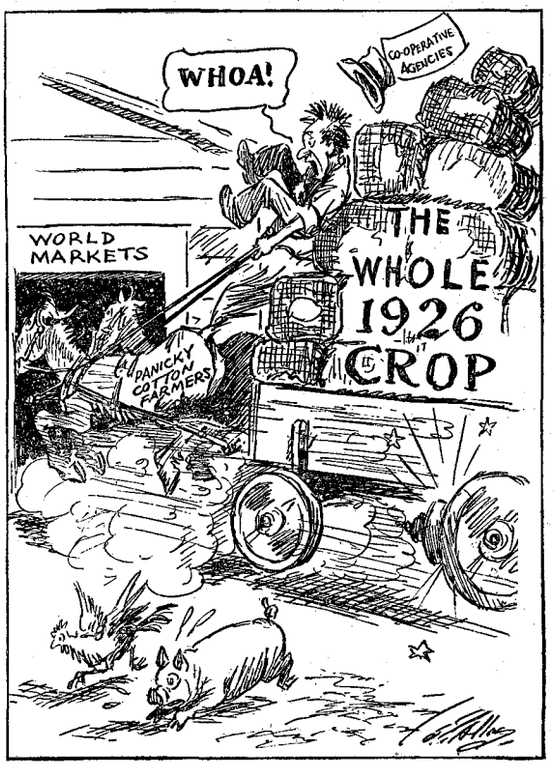
Orr in the Chicago Tribune



A poor team mate

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal



It's either "whoa," or "woe"!

From Mrs. W. A. Edmunds, Wadesboro, N. C.

Knott in the Dallas News

The pied piper of Detroit

Darling in the Dover, Ohio, Evening Repository

Register some aliens, others just come in

From Albert Kastor, Dover, Ohio.

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alism and has not prospered as an amateur effort. Throughout the Middle West especially has college and school baseball gone down-hill. There are many big schools in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and elsewhere which turn out no baseball teams at all, preferring to center their efforts on football and basket-ball. Indiana, for instance, is basket-ball mad.

The professional football game has just one chance for success. And it has been successful in a small way without drawing stars from the colleges. Town teams recruited from the home sector, with players who are not by any means stars, are playing the only really good professional football to-day. These teams flourish in districts where college football is not available. The salaries are low, the expenses not great, and the team is generally backed by the chamber of commerce as a civic enterprise. In this case the town feeling and the town morale come somewhere within hailing distance of the more intense college loyalty. But the big "football circuses," as they are called, do not pay dividends at all satisfying to the modern type of promoter.

The Machine Gun Bandits

BANDITS in Illinois and New Jersey have fought battles with the authorities, using as their weapons the latest thing in automatic machine guns. The New Jersey bandits attacked a United States mail car carrying a factory pay-roll. They opened fire without a word of warning and used their automobiles as a battering-ram to knock down and mutiliate pursuers.

As The Outlook goes to press these cold-blooded desperadoes have not yet been caught. The capture of such bandits is a matter of immediate moment for the protection of society.

Eradication of conditions which breed such anti-social criminals is of even greater concern. From what environment do they spring? What is their physical inheritance? Are they the product of criminal ancestry? If so, how can the blood streams that produce such men be kept from polluting the Nation? Do they come from a social environment that could be eliminated by sanitation and constructive measures of social relief? Who knows?

The Nation can afford to spend thousands, if not millions, of dollars to find out the facts in the case. The crimes that such men commit are not crimes of passion, such as may break out in all walks of life. They are crimes of deliberate and calculating atrocity.

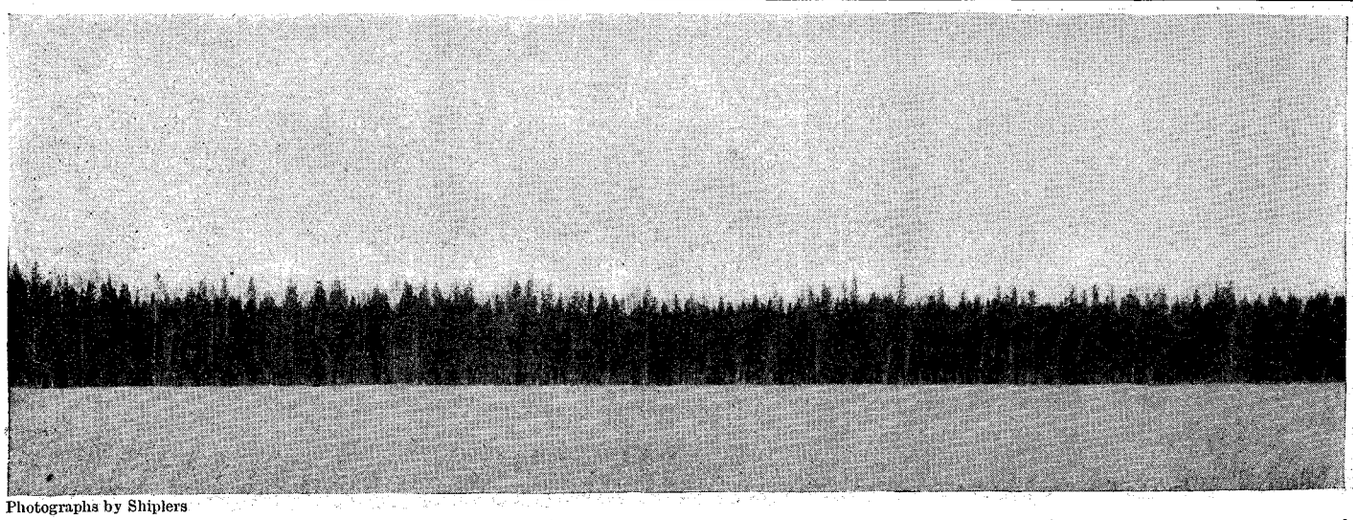
No More Whipping-Posts

AT the fifty-sixth annual Conference of the American Prison Association, held at Pittsburgh, October 15–21, Elmer J. Leach, Warden of the Newcastle County Workhouse, Wilmington, Delaware, went strongly on record in opposing the use of the lash as a corrective in dealing with criminals. Delaware is the only American State in which the whipping-post survives, but there has been a considerable agitation elsewhere for its revival as a curb to crime. Warden Leach, whose duties require him to enforce this legal barbarity, in his paper on "The Lash" said that as the result of four years' experience he had found the whip only added to the degradation of its victim without in the least deterring him from his evil courses. Some men had been whipped three times, and in no case could he find a single result that could be called commendable. Surely an opinion from such a source should be heeded by those who wish to return to the dark ages.

Cotton to Burn?

TEN years ago, when the cotton crop was much smaller than it is this year, and the resultant drop in price about as bad, somebody started the "buy a bale" movement. The idea was far from bad, since the object was to have individuals buy and hold small quantities of cotton until a time when it could be marketed in orderly fashion. This year there is a cotton crop which the United States Department of Agriculture estimates at 16,627,000 bales—the largest crop ever produced in the United States, following one which was itself the largest up to that time. The price has slumped disastrously. And persons poorly advised have started a "burn a bale" movement. It is proposed that four million bales be destroyed, in order to bring the supply below thirteen million bales.

The idea back of this movement is wholly bad, and it is not likely to go far. The North Carolina growers' association which made the proposal is not, however, without eminent precedent. When the price of corn slumped disastrously a few years ago, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace advised the growers of the Middle West to burn their corn in the ear. It is to the credit of the growers that not many of them followed his advice, though ear corn might have been comparatively cheap fuel at the time.



Photographs by Shiplers

PICTURES sometimes speak louder than words. On this and on the three succeeding pages is shown a panoramic view of the Bechler Meadows, in the southwestern corner of Yellowstone National Park, which the State of Idaho wishes

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There is even less justification for burning cotton. The proposal is not even that it be used as fuel, but that bonfires be made of it. Cotton is much less perishable than corn. It can be warehoused and held indefinitely. Facilities for so holding it ought to be ample. There are enough warehouses and probably enough credit to hold the bulk of the crop in the hands of producers. The Department of Agriculture and the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks are ready to give all the help they can, and bankers of the South generally are co-operating with them.

Two unprecedentedly large crops together have inevitably depressed the price, but the slump is largely the result of panic. If it becomes apparent that the means available for holding the crop are to be used, the market will stiffen—particularly if the growers show an earnest disposition to reduce their plantings next year.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine has written as follows to an official of one of the large co-operative organizations:

> I do not share the view, expressed by some, that a large crop of cotton or a large carry-over from one season to the next is a misfortune. It is to the best interest of both the producer and the consumer to avoid wide fluctuations in cotton prices. The best way to avoid such fluctuations is to be in position to carry continuously an ample reserve, sufficiently large to absorb any surplus from one or more good seasons and to supplement the shortage of several bad ones. We are now in position to begin the creation of such a reserve. We should accept the opportunity and make the most of it.

Instead of burn a bale, why not store a bale, or finance the storage of a bale? If the cotton belt will act sensibly, it will not be ruined as the result of this bumber crop. With the means available for credit and storage, it does not even need to cry for help beyond its own borders. It has the opportunity, which it ought to embrace, of taking care of itself better than the corn belt and the wheat belt did in similar situations.

The Kaiser's Consolation Prize

ABOUT five million dollars in cash, a castle, and nearly three hundred acres of land constitute the slight token of esteem which the former Kaiser and his family are to receive—in return for having driven the German people into a war that brought them the enmity of the civilized world and then having run away.

The Prussian Diet, the governing body of the state of Prussia, has voted in favor of this settlement with the house of Hohenzollern. To be sure, it is stated in connection with the settlement that Wilhelm II is not to return to Germany. But the castle of Oels, in Silesia, where the former Crown Prince has been living while the negotiations were proceeding, is granted to the Hohenzollerns in perpetuity. So, if the Kaiser ever should return to the Fatherland, he would have a modest place in which to stay.

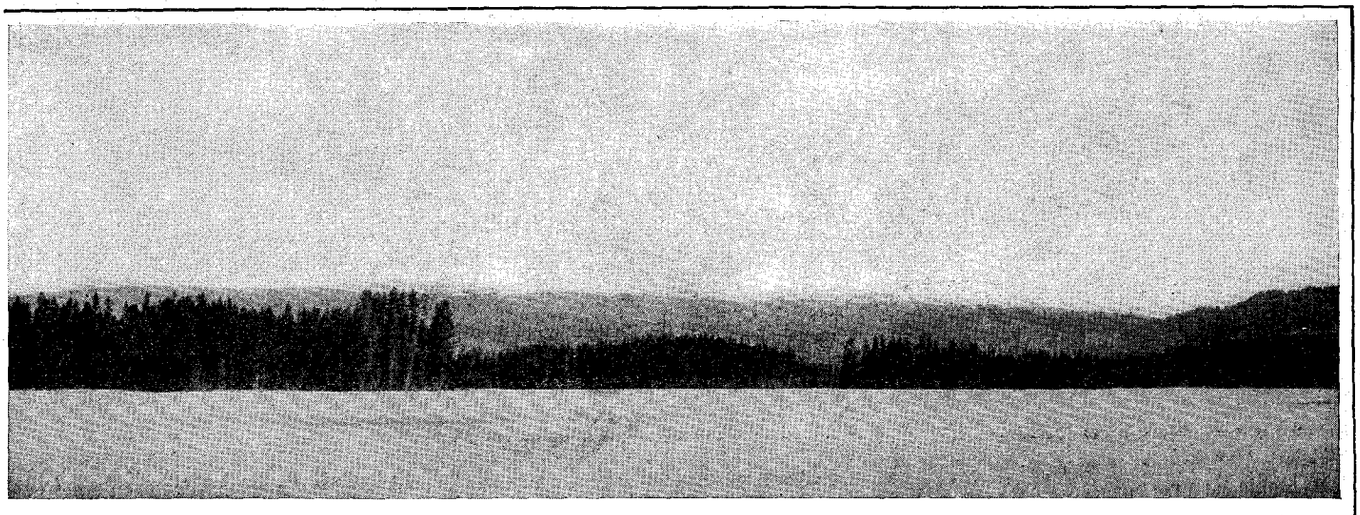
Many of the other states of Germany, where democracy is stronger, are reported to be deeply stirred by the arrangement. Republican factions and their organs are launching bitter attacks against the former Imperial house. But all this does not affect the action of Prussia. The dominant state in the German federation remains monarchistic in temper. The King of Prussia was automatically Kaiser. The situation is much as if a Governor of New York were automatically President, and after his impeachment and flight from the United States the State of New York should vote him and his family a fortune, an estate in the Adirondacks, and great landholdings.

But of course no direct parallel with America can be drawn. The treatment of the Hohenzollerns simply serves to show what power the royalist influence can exert in Germany and how closely France and Great Britain have to watch it. The democratic parties in Germany have a great task to maintain the German Republic and establish it on a firm foundation. In that task they deserve the sympathy and support of all friends of liberal principles throughout the world.

When Steel Meets Steel

FRENCH and German steel masters have made an agreement for the control of steel production which has created a stir around the world. Steel interests in the United States have begun to estimate what may be the effect of the European steel trust in markets in Latin America and the Far East. British steel concerns, having remained outside the Continental combination, have been aroused likewise to the possible threat of the new line-up across the Channel, and British industrialists have bestirred themselves to try to come to an understanding with German industrialists in a conference in England.

The European steel agreement in-



to turn into an irrigation reservoir. If the Government should surrender this territory to the commercial interests of Idaho, this natural grazing ground of elk and moose and the surrounding forests, with their wealth of camp sites, would be

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cludes Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Sarre Valley, as well as France and Germany. But its foundation is formed by the French iron mines of Lorraine and the German coal and coke industries and steel mills in the Ruhr Valley. Its aim is to limit production so as to control and fix prices favorably. Under its terms the normal production of steel by the industries in the agreement is set at a minimum of 26,000,000 tons and a maximum of 30,000,000 tons a year. Of the minimum total, Germany is assigned the largest share, 43.18 per cent; France, 31.19 per cent; Belgium, 11.63 per cent; Luxemburg, 8.23 per cent; and the Sarre Valley, 5.77 per cent. There is a sliding arrangement for the sharing of production above the minimum.

Also there is talk of a similar steel accord in central Europe, to include Austria, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. This accord, if consummated, would amount to reconstituting the steel industry of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and would reconstruct an important element of the former economic unity of the Danube Valley. It would be indirectly connected with the larger western European steel trust.

The plans for the operation of the big European trust have been kept more or less obscure. It has been announced that no general accounting system will be kept as regards distribution of markets, but that a sharing of markets will take place "unofficially"—which means practically by secret agreements. It is understood that the purpose is to regularize the supply of local demands in each country, in order to push the export sales of steel in foreign markets. Obviously, that implies pegging the price for steel within the area of the trust, or, in other words, penalizing purchasers at home in order to be able to compete better abroad.

The formation of the trust has started a powerful influence for closer relations between France and Germany, and hence for peace in Europe, through the economic reconciliation of the two major antagonists. It may, on the other hand, lead to trouble with Great Britain and Italy, and possibly with Russia when her normal life is resumed and her steel industry begins to revive and grow once more. For the United States any menace from the European combination is less direct, since the great market for American steel is at home and European interests hardly can invade it with success. But the new competition may mean some loss of steel orders abroad and a sharper fight for the foreign trade which we do hold.

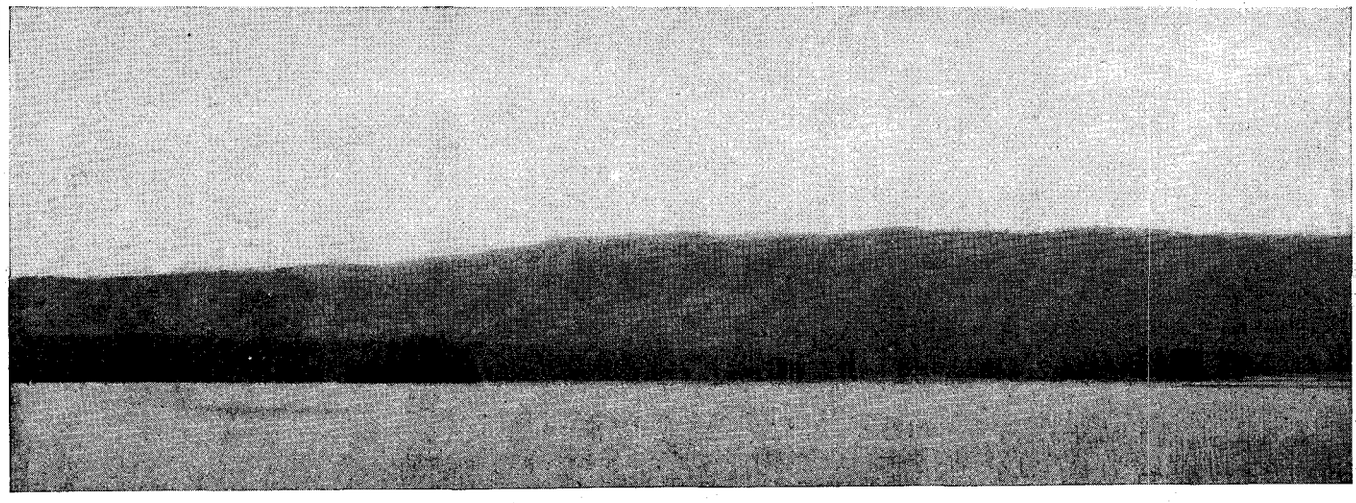
Asquith and Herriot—a Contrast

Two world-known liberal leaders, in Great Britain and France, have relinquished command of their parties in circumstances which afford an unexpected contrast. In Great Britain Lord Oxford and Asquith—once plain Herbert Asquith—has resigned the chairmanship of the Liberal Party. In France Edouard Herriot, formerly Premier, has given up the presidency of the party of Radicals and Radical Socialists.

The change in the leadership of the historic British Liberal Party is an outcome of the conflict between Asquith and Lloyd George over the attitude taken by Lloyd George during the general strike. Asquith criticised the policy of his old Cabinet colleague as being over-radical and contrary to the spirit of the party conference. But Lloyd George, the Parliamentary leader of the party, has won another political battle. Asquith is out, and the control of the party passes to a man who is notably unstable and disposed toward Socialistic principles in land tenure and the development of natural resources.

In France, where conditions have been supposed to be less stable, the situation is apparently the reverse. The resignation of Herriot seems to mark a tendency in the Radical and Radical Socialist Party toward more conservative policies. The party Congress has voted to support Poincaré's national coalition Cabinet in its efforts to save French currency from further loss of value. It has even passed a resolution which might be interpreted to mean acceptance of the essentials of the war-debt agreement with the United States, which the party has hitherto opposed. Herriot does not pass from the political scene—as does Asquith—since he remains in the Poincaré Cabinet. But the election of Maurice Sarraut to the party presidency indicates a tendency toward more careful economic thought in the strongest single political party of France.

The Liberal Party lost ground in England when Lloyd George was Prime Minister, and is now practically ineffectual between the Conservative Government and the Labor Opposition. In France the Radical Party, which is in many ways similar to the old British Liberal movement, has achieved a clearer point of view, swung toward conservatism, and held its strength. The



deeply flooded at certain times of the year. When the water was drawn off during the summer season, the Meadows would be nothing but mud flats and the forests but gaunt and hideous ghosts of once lovely trees. These Meadows belong

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results of the developments in the two countries will be worth watching.

British Labor's Morning After

At the annual Labor Conference, held at Margate, the British union leaders told something of the condition in which the general strike left their organizations. They are nearly out of funds, with thousands of members unemployed.

The occasion for these explanations was a plea from representatives of the striking coal miners, in sympathy with whom the general strike was called, for further aid in their prolonged conflict with the mine-owners. J. H. Thomas, general secretary for the railway workers, said that there were still 45,000 railway men out of work, while 200,000 more were working only three days a week. Ben Tillett, the spokesman for the dock and transport workers, said that the latter union had spent £1,000,000 on the dispute and still had 80,000 members out of work, while sixty per cent of the dock workers remained unemployed. Finally, Ramsay MacDonald, formerly Labor's Prime Minister, took the floor to say that he was "appalled" by the present state of trade-union finances, and that the present policy must be one of political rather than industrial action. The discussion ended with the passing of a resolution in favor of nationalization of the coal mines.

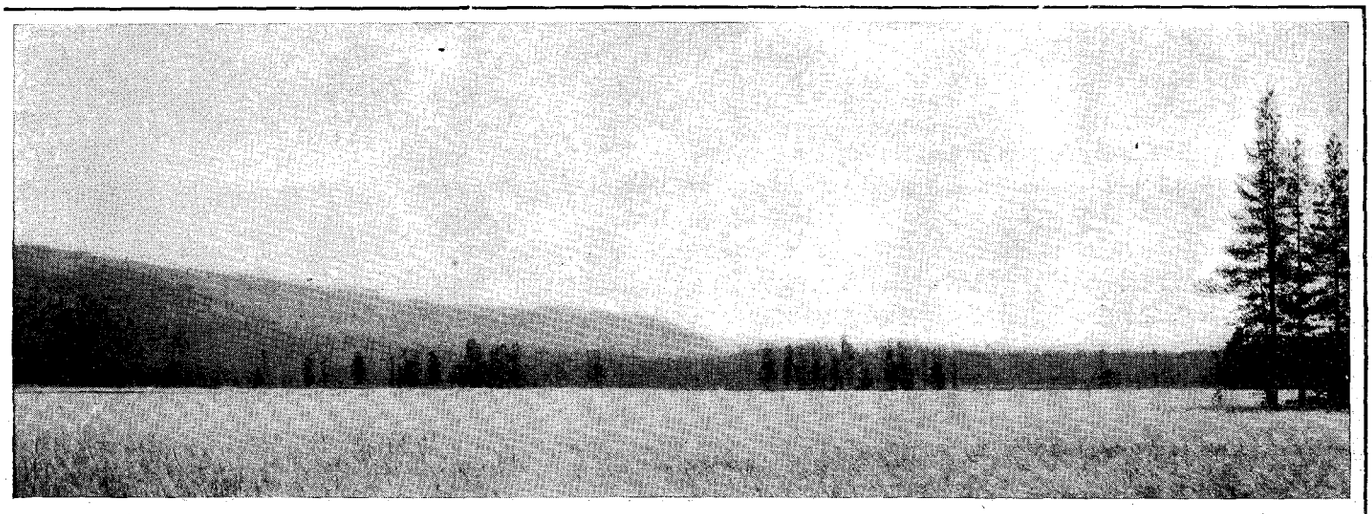
Meanwhile the deadlock over wages and hours in the coal mines continues, with more and more of the miners drifting slowly back to work. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, has estimated that it has cost Great Britain £1,000,000,000. Certainly it has contributed largely to the increase of unemployment in other industries. Every one evidently is heartily sick of the struggle, but neither side is willing to give in to the domination of the other. It remains a fight for a standard of living on the part of the miners; yet living standards are being destroyed while it goes on. The end is not in sight; but, whatever it may be, British labor will never again embrace so readily the hazards of a general strike.

Coming to Her Senses

A TRUCE has been made between the warring factions of Russia. The rebels against Stalin, boss of the Communist Party, have temporarily at least laid down their arms. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the rest of the opposition to Stalin's rule have surrendered, bound themselves to conform to Stalin's policies, and sued for readmission to the Communist Party in good standing. Stalin proved himself to be boss when, as reported in our issue of September 8, he drove out of the party all who opposed him, including Lenine's widow. Now he is more than ever boss as he receives their capitulation.

It is not to be thought that this is the end of all conflict within the Communist Party. There is no evidence that this surrender means peace. It is at most an acknowledgment on the part of the opponents of Stalin that they cannot now defy him or ignore his power. Most of those who have fought him belong to the radical wing of the radical party that is dominating the Russian people. The most prominent of these, or at least the best known, are Zinoviev and Kamenev. But there are others who are more conservative than Stalin, going so far as to urge the abolition of the Third International. Trotsky has been very flexible, and has been found going now in one direction and now in another. So this opposition to Stalin is weakened by divisions among its members. There is nothing in common among them out of which really to form an opposition party. Individually, however, they are probably as unreconciled to Stalin's policies as ever.

These policies of Stalin are undermining the foundation upon which the Communist Party was established. This foundation may be said to consist of three principles—governmental monopoly of foreign trade, nationalization of the main industries, and dictatorship of the proletariat. Until Stalin came into power these principles were unshaken. Even the so-called New Economic Policy which Lenine just before he died instituted, sacrificing some of his Communistic theories and substituting for them capitalistic practices, did not involve the abandonment of these fundamental principles. Only a year ago the leading Soviet potentates asserted that there should be "no retreat from these commanding positions of Communism," and that to give up any one of them would be to give up Communism in Russia. But life is stronger than doctrines. In the course of the past two years it has become evident that it is exactly these "commanding positions of Communism" that have been hampering Russia's economic rehabilitation. The "Pravda" and "Izvestia" have for three or four months been filled with bitter confessions that the monopoly of foreign



to the American Nation. Will the people of America be willing to exchange these forest islands set in a sea of grass for a mud-hole decorated by dead stumps? They can protect their rights if they will make their voices heard in Congress.

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trade and the nationalization of industry have been specially harmful. The industrial enterprises run by incompetent and corrupt Soviet bureaucrats have, we are told, lost 71,000,000 gold rubles. The loss will have to be made up by the taxation of the peasants. As the peasants are in the vast majority in Russia, the policy of nationalization was driving Russia toward an inevitable peasant revolt.

It was still worse with the monopoly of trade. All exports and imports have been under the control of the Commissariat of Trade. As nothing could be exported without a license from the Commissariat of Trade, so nothing could be imported without a license issued by its foreign organs, the Vnieshtorgs of Berlin, Paris, New York, etc. This has led to inefficiency and corruption. The "Economicheskaya Zhizn" quotes the example of an industrial trust which needed a yard or two of special wire which could not be obtained in Russia. An engineer whom it sent to Berlin had to spend two days at the Vnieshtorg office waiting for the issuance of a permit that would authorize him to purchase the wire. As a consequence of this nationalist monopoly of foreign trade, Russia has had to pay an enormous cost for importing and exporting goods.

Now the Commissariat of Trade has been deprived of its sole control of Russia's foreign commerce. Now governmental, semi-governmental, and even to a marked extent private institutions, may trade direct with foreign markets. It is true that these institutions and their agents will be watched by the Supreme Council of National Economy; but this Council consists of representatives of various industrial trusts, cooperative societies, factories, and the like. The new reform does not make Russia's commercial relations with other countries altogether free, but it makes them considerably freer.

Thus Stalin has been moving cautiously toward what the Bolshevists have called capitalism. The late Dzerzhinsky, who was the dreaded chief of the Cheka (or Gaypayoo, as it is called at the present time), is known to have been an enthusiastic advocate of the limitation of the foreign-trade monopoly. His efforts to have this reform carried out were frustrated as long as Zinoviev and Kamenev were leaders in the Communist Party and the Soviet Government. When these fanatics were ousted, however, Stalin secured freedom to act as he wished, and now their capitulation confirms his freedom.

Will Stalin retreat little by little from all the "commanding positions of Communism" and adopt definitely normal human methods? It is premature to answer this question. Stalin (against whom Lenine in his will is said to have warned the Communists) still professes himself to be a true follower of Lenine. The present emancipation of foreign trade may prove to be fictitious. The old order of commerce-killing control may return. Zinoviev and Kamenev are undoubtedly waiting their chance. But the chance may never come. The old order may be gone forever. That it is doomed ultimately to disappear cannot be doubted.

Russia's futile experiment in Communism is breaking down. How soon Russia will realize it no one knows. In the end, however, Russians, like others, will learn that no nation can prosper that builds upon a foundation of intrigue, disloyalty to other nations, and suspicion.

The Apache Trail of the Ages

THE Apache Trail, closed while improvements were being made that perfected it as an automobile highway, is open again. This means that the west-bound traveler may once more deflect from the railroad to marvel at Roosevelt Dam and the man-made inland sea which the earth has now taken to herself as though it were her own, and not her foster child. It means that the New Yorker, escaping for a time from inactive radiators and overactive gas meters, may roll up to the Tonto cliff dwellings and meditate upon those other apartment-house inmates who got along without any such annoyances only a few thousand years ago.

The Apache Trail has become, in the dozen years of its operation for the tenderfoot, something of a National institution. It is more than an agreeable link between Atlantic and Pacific; it is a pulse-quickening link between America's yesterday and to-day. Stretching through the heart of Arizona—from Bowie past Roosevelt Dam, through the appropriately named Superstition Mountains and down across a mesa changed by irrigation from dull desert into a blossoming field, to Phœnix—it is a pathway on which men have set curiously enduring footprints through the ages. If Roosevelt Dam is a monument to the highest engineering skill of modern times, what shall one say as he regards those flourishing and impenetrable cactus thickets transplanted by crack military engineers in some day well back toward the stone age that enabled a few cliff-dwellers, with no weapons but boulders ready to roll down, to hold an invading host at bay? Endless chapters are written along this trail of how white men and red men can misunderstand each other. Mormon Flat holds record of how followers of Brigham Young suffered massacre in their fight for conscience and conquest.

One wonders, toward the end of the single day that he is out of the train and rolling along the Apache Trail, whether ancient man and ancient things were really so romantic and soul-moving, or whether they only seem so because the threads of their history are looped among some of the most colorful and inspiring peaks and gorges to be found on the continent.

Navy Day of the Nation

THE functions of the Navy and the merchant marine are admirably discussed in an article in this issue. This article tells something of America's history upon the high seas and of the advantages dependent upon the maintenance of an adequate Marine.

When the United States was a thinly settled land the bulk of whose population bordered upon the sea, the eyes of the Nation naturally turned to the ocean as the great highway of commerce. So many Americans now live throughout the land who have necessarily no realization of their debt to the sea that it has become peculiarly difficult to arouse the Nation to its maritime needs.

Navy Day has served a valuable purpose in bringing to the attention of the Nation the fact that even those who dwell far from salt water owe their welfare directly or indirectly to the seaborne commerce of the United States. Among the special days and weeks, of which there is a plethora, Navy Day certainly deserves its place on the calendar.

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West Point

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

LAST week, in describing an automobile trip over the Storm King Highway, the Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson, and through the Bronx River Parkway into New York City, I had something to say about the efficiency of democracy in road building and park landscaping. Goodness knows that democracy needs to be encouraged occasionally by a pat on its back for efficiency, for there are plenty of examples of its inefficiency. Some day, perhaps, if anybody calls upon me to do so, I may relate some of these examples of muddle-headed democracy. At the moment, however, I happen to be especially interested in impressions of certain achievements of democracy received from my automobile trip.

I did not have time or space in my former article to mention the United States Military Academy at West Point, through whose incomparably beautiful grounds the automobilist passes in taking the Storm King Highway route to New York. To be sure, democracy does not deserve all the credit for this beauty, for nature formed the groundwork of it when in ages past she was exerting her irresistible glacial power on the surface of this part of the Hudson Valley. But democracy *does* deserve the credit of making Washington the first Commander-in-Chief of its armies and the first President of its civil Government; and Washington, at a conference of his officers at his headquarters at Newburgh during the Revolutionary War, selected West Point as the site of the future National Military Academy. Congress, as it generally does, moved slowly, but after many vicissitudes there has been created at West Point the finest military school in the world. This is not a statement made in the exuberance of spread-eagleism. It is the deliberate judgment of experts of all nationalities.

It is singular that a pacific, or at least a non-militaristic, people like the American democracy should have a pre-eminent military school. The fact is—although some army officers may take exception to the assertion—that West Point is not so much a military academy as it is a great National university. Indeed, West Point and Annapolis are the only National universities that we have. They are certainly the only colleges where board, room, and clothes are furnished without a penny's cost to each student and in addition he is paid a small sum for the time he spends in being educated. In return for this education the graduates are in honor bound to serve their country in the Army or Navy for a short period, but after that period of service they may resign and enter civil life. In times of peace a large number of the graduates of West Point do thus become civilians and are added to what may be called the *intelligentsia* of the country. This may be also true of Annapolis, although I am not as familiar with that institution as I am with the Military Academy on the Hudson.

The percentage of West Point graduates who have attained distinction in positions of administrative responsibility in civil life is high. This is as it should be, for I think it entirely within safe bounds to say that a boy may receive a broader and sounder development at West Point, if he will avail himself of the advantages which it offers, than at any other civil educational institution of whatever nature in the United States. When I recently made this statement to a graduate of Harvard, he asked me on what evidence I based so broad an assertion. I base it on the grounds of compulsion and discipline. At Harvard a boy of eighteen, if he has the judgment and will power of a man of forty, may get a thorough physical training along with his intellectual education. At West Point he *must* get it or he will be dropped. At West Point there is no such thing as being pushed through by special tutoring or being treated with leniency because of family or financial or athletic influences. About the only thing that a West Pointer cannot get is the classics—a defect, I admit. If I were remodeling West Point, I should try to add enough Latin to enable the cadets to read at least Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico." Aside from the classics, the cadet receives a well-rounded culture. Consider the curriculum.

In addition to the subjects of military technique the following are some of the courses in which the cadets are *compelled* to pass satisfactory examinations: advanced mathematics, English, history, surveying, hygiene, French, Spanish, physics, chemistry, electricity, geology, mineralogy, drawing, and international and constitutional law. Perhaps some might consider riding and hippology (meaning the science of the anatomy, breeding, and training of horses) militaristic subjects, but they may be found very useful, at times, in civil life. In addition to his intellectual training every cadet receives the most careful physical training. He *must* learn to swim, ride, box, fence, wrestle, and dance. He is taught to be orderly. He *must* learn to take care of his room, his clothing, and his accouterments under rigorous inspection and at the risk of unpleasant penalties if he is negligent or inefficient. Best of all, in view of the laxity of which everybody complains in this flapper age, he lives under constant discipline. He has only one vacation during his four years' course, when, at the end of his second year, he is allowed to go home for two months. This does not mean that he lacks the pleasures of sport, recreation, and social life. Hundreds of American girls can testify that the frequent "hops" at West Point are as vivacious and delightful as any they have ever attended. If the motto of a well-rounded education is *Mens sana in corpore sano*, it fits West Point as well as it ever did the best schools of Athens and Sparta. Edward S. Holden, the distinguished astronomer, whose services to science were rendered in civil life, has recorded the following opinion of West Point, of which he was a graduate in the class of 1870:

> The first object of the school is to form character. Habits of faithfulness, promptness, cheerful obedience, attention to duty first, last, and all the time, are insisted on. The whole conduct of each cadet is registered by "demerit marks." . . . There are, for example, some 18,000 opportunities for a cadet to be late at roll-call during his stay at the Academy. For every "late" he will receive one demerit. If he receives 215 for all offenses in any twelve months, he is discharged. Promptness thus becomes a habit, and other practical virtues are inculcated in the same way. A high standard of truthfulness and honor is insisted upon, which in the officer becomes a standard of honesty. The record of graduates in this respect is extraordinarily bright.

The great defect of college education in the United States is its lack of discipline. When I look back upon my own

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college course, dimmed as it is by the passage of more than forty years, I wonder, not that so many undergraduates go wrong, but that any at all are saved from complete wreck. At the very period of his life when an adolescent boy needs constant guidance, if not control, he is thrown on his own responsibility, having to account practically to nobody for the expenditure of his time and money. His income, often a very generous one, is provided for him by fond parents, and he goes and comes almost as he pleases. If he is dropped from one institution for failures in studies or conduct, he is promptly sent to another. About the only effective check upon his undergraduate career is the public opinion of his fellow-undergraduates. This same public opinion prevails at West Point, but is enforced by the army code under the supervision of the Superintendent and his colleagues. It is not insignificant that the phrase "the honor of an officer and a gentleman" is proverbial at West Point.

Let no one suppose that the cadets at West Point are a lot of pedants or ramrods. They are, or at least they appear to be to one who has seen them at work and at play on many occasions for forty years, as joyous and high-spirited as any set of collegians in the country. I have never been in a West Point classroom—whether or not a civilian ever is admitted to that *sanctum sanctorum* I do not know—but I have seen the corps of cadets on parade, at church, in the riding academy, on the dancing floor, in camp, on hikes and surveying parties, on the baseball diamond, on the tennis courts, on the golf course, and in the football stadium, and I can testify that they enter into all these phases of life with a zest and a courtesy that is refreshing.

Less than two weeks ago I was a spectator at one of the autumn football games in company with two ladies from the South. They exclaimed at the beautiful setting of the new concrete stadium, at the picturesque group of cadets massed in the center seats, and at the colors of the autumn foliage on the hillside which the stadium faced. But what struck them most was the orderliness of the whole proceeding, the quick obedience of the players to the decisions of the linesmen and the referee, and the quiet courtesy of the military police who handled the highly congested automobile traffic. I suppose it was a question of topography that led the West Point authorities to place the beautiful chapel, designed by the late Bertram Goodhue, and the picturesque modern stadium on the crest of the same hill within gunshot of each other. But it was a happy coincidence that made these two fine edifices such near neighbors. On Saturday in the stadium one may see the joyousness of West Point life; on Sunday in the chapel its earnestness.

This year the annual Army-Navy football game is to be played in Chicago. I am told that some of the officials of the two Academies regret this arrangement, because it means a serious interruption of the regular programs of Annapolis and West Point to transport the midshipmen and the cadets in a body to the scene of the contest. As a citizen, however, I am glad that the people of Chicago and the Central West are to have this opportunity of seeing a picturesque phase of the Army and Navy at close range. I think that the Chicagoans will share my satisfaction that some of our Federal taxes are expended for the maintenance of two admirable educational institutions which constitute convincing evidence that democracy is not always a failure. Perhaps this statement will be pooh-poohed by some of our smart set of literary critics as foolish optimism. But a little American optimism cannot seriously hurt the readers of the "American Mercury" and the "New Republic;" they are immune.

Referendums on the Liquor Issue

By Frederick M. Davenport

Member of the House of Representatives from the Thirty-third District, New York

It is perhaps not very logical for the country to be so wrought up over the liquor issue that it thinks of very little else. There are a number of exceedingly important issues which ought now to be under public discussion, and the liquor issue is in a sense acting as a red herring across the trail of these very important matters; but there is no doubt that the people are interested in the liquor question, and the people really make the issues of a campaign, after all.

There is a great deal of loose thinking and loose talking about this question. Although prohibition slowly developed as a sentiment in this country over a long period of years, the final consummation of it came quickly, particularly because of the war feeling, and it came before there had been much formation of public opinion about it in the larger cities of the East, although the rural districts generally had argued about it a long time and had slowly been making up their minds in a multitude of local-option campaigns which took place throughout the land.

The result of the swiftness with which prohibition finally came has been to offend the honest views of a great many persons and to make enforcement difficult in many parts of the country. Side by side with these facts there is much evidence of the very wholesome effect of the new National policy over large areas and with large numbers of people. The old saloon conditions and the evils of poverty and misery and crime and bad politics that grew out of them are looked back to by millions as if it had been the passing of a pestilence.

Recently the demand has been made in various parts of the country for some means of getting at perhaps the revised will of the people through referendum upon this vexed question. Certain circumstances have lent force to this suggestion. In the first place, the political parties themselves, the Democratic and the Republican, are split wide open on the issue and are impotent to do much. Because the Republican Party is in trouble over this issue in New York State, let no man think that the Democratic Party is not in trouble too. In Washington—that is, Nationally—the Democratic Party is split much more widely than the Republican. It may conceivably turn out that both of them are impotent to effect any revision of the will of the people, if such revision is contemplated by the people.

Now the people have a perfect right to a revision of their will if they wish to make it. And in a democracy, if the

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representative party system fails them upon a crucial occasion, the people have a perfect right to resort to the method of the referendum in order that their will may be determined. None of us in America is afraid of what the people may desire and vote if they are thoroughly aroused and informed upon the issue.

But it ought to be an honest referendum and a thorough one, which means something and effects something. This referendum must be National in scope, taken by States, because prohibition has become a completely National problem, involved in the National Constitution. It should be taken upon the Eighteenth Amendment itself; either upon the question of repeal or some question of definite change in the Amendment which could be understood by all the people. While the Eighteenth Amendment remains no change in statute, the Volstead Act or any other, is going to be satisfactory to those who are demanding a revision of the National policy upon prohibition. More than this, provision should be made in connection with the referendum for the complete carrying out of the public will when it is Nationally determined. The carrying out of the will of the people should not be left in this instance to the political parties if both of them continue to be paralyzed in the presence of this issue. The likelihood of a third party to carry out the popular will on this issue is not great, in view of the dangers of multi-party government, as our people have witnessed them in Europe since the Great War. Probably we must solve our problem through the two-party system or the referendum.

In the meantime all American citizens should demand the enforcement of the existing Constitution and law. Upon relatively unimportant matters a comparative laxness of enforcement may not be definitely fatal to a country, but widespread defiance of enforcement on a question of paramount importance in the public mind is fraught with real peril to popular institutions. So far as prohibition is concerned, nobody knows whether it can be enforced, because there never has been an adequate enforcement system attempted. Enforcement has been the sport of politics of both parties. General Andrews, the chief enforcement officer of the Nation, has been on the verge of resignation again and again because he has no final responsible power over his own lieutenants. No time should be lost in seeing that he gets such power. Thus far he has pleaded unavailingly for an enforcement unit inside the Treasury Department of which he shall be master.

The conditions resulting from the present system of enforcement are widely regarded as intolerable and are a matter of deep concern to the people at large. Lawlessness is the most dangerous enemy of republics and directly endangers the welfare of the mass of the people in their homes, their happiness, and their savings. It is impossible for any country to remain permanently half law-abiding and half lawless.

A VERY bad form of referendum proposal is the one to be presented to the voters of New York State on November 2. This particular referendum proposes, in effect, to ask the Congress of the United States to permit the forty-eight separate States to construe, interpret, and enforce a provision of the National Constitution, namely, the Eighteenth Amendment. It is utterly futile and in its effect would be utterly disappointing to both wets and drys. As Justice Crain said the other day in upholding the abstract right of the Legislature to offer such a referendum to the people of the State:

> The question is vital because the Congress could not Constitutionally do that which those voting in the affirmative would by such vote suggest that it should do. Congress cannot abdicate its power to define . . . what shall be deemed an intoxicating beverage and confer upon the States the right to define for purposes of enforcement through Federal tribunals what shall and shall not be deemed a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

No matter whether a Congress were wet or dry, it would not and should not abrogate its power over a provision of the National Constitution and leave to forty-eight States the chaotic construction and interpretation and enforcement. One State might fix the maximum alcoholic content under the Eighteenth Amendment at one-half of one per cent, another at four per cent, another at eight per cent, and another at twelve or fourteen per cent so as to include light wines among the non-intoxicating beverages. The result would be anarchy. As Webster said in his reply to Hayne's somewhat similar demand for the State of South Carolina in the matter of the tariff about 1830:

> The doctrine is not only unconstitutional but impracticable. Under its operation the tariff would be void in South Carolina, but in Pennsylvania or Kentucky, where protection has been in favor, it would be enforced. There would thus be four-and-twenty interpreters of constitutional law, each with the power to decide for itself, and none with authority to bind anybody else, and the Constitution would be reduced to a collection of topics for everlasting controversy.

It is no answer to say that the standard set up by the separate States must be a standard non-intoxicating in fact, as implied in the language of the proposed referendum. Who would determine what is intoxicating? The State itself. The National Congress would abdicate, under the terms of the referendum, and leave the ruling to the separate States. There might be an appeal from the standard of any one of the States to the Supreme Court of the United States. But that would seem to be futile. The Supreme Court seems to have made it clear again and again that it does not regard itself as a legislative body, but that it looks to Congress for the rule and the penalty. If Congress refrains from establishing a rule or a penalty, there would seem nothing left for the Supreme Court to do but to accept what each State regards as appropriate legislation for its own area, whether the State legislation follows the rule of one-half of one per cent or of ten per cent alcoholic content. If the Supreme Court actually did seek to establish a legislative rule as to what is or is not intoxicating at the lower margin of alcoholic content, it would take upon itself a matter of infinite controversy. What is intoxicating in fact? An alcoholic content close to the margin may affect the same person constitutionally to-day and unconstitutionally to-morrow.

The essential and significant thing about this New York referendum proposal is that it would, if accepted by Congress, definitely bar that body from laying down a rule of enforcement and transfer this power to the States. Under this plan, neither the Supreme Court nor Congress can save the Eighteenth Amendment from practical nullification. The proposal differs from the position taken by Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, in his famous debates with Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States between January 19 and January 27, 1830, only in that it requests Congress to put the stamp of approval upon the nullification. Hayne took it for granted that a State could nullify what it did not like, what it regarded as improper and unconstitutional. This New York referendum, in effect, asks Congress to refrain from action and permit each State, if it pleases, to nullify in practice the Eighteenth Amendment.

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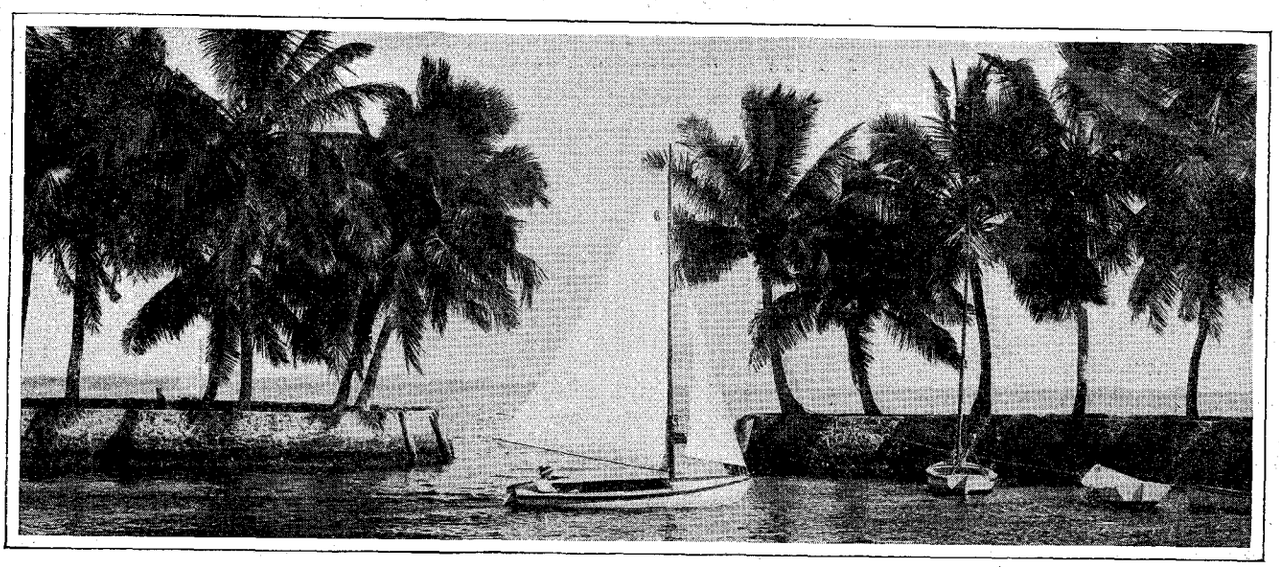

Miami and Its Storms

By RUFUS STEELE

IT is possible, a month after the hurricane of September 18, to sketch a fairly accurate picture of surviving Miami. That is, it is possible to fit together the outward manifestations and to draw from them a general appraisal. To carry deduction too far might mean, as it always has meant, that one would harvest the warm approval of those who agreed with him and the cordial disapproval of those who did not. If Miami were unique in no other particular, it still would be in this, that perhaps no other city that has been vividly in the world's eye has been discussed more from the basis of the discussers' sentiments and less from the basis of the facts.

The first reports of the disaster were, as was expectantly hoped, wildly exaggerated. Miami was neither destroyed nor seriously disabled. Loss of life and loss of property—both in Miami and throughout the lower East Coast—dwindled appreciably in the later and saner reports. The damage to structures in the city on Biscayne Bay was not very different from what an engineer might have estimated had he been bidden to tot up the effect of a hypothetical 125-mile wind which drove before it sea water and rain. Steel and stone construction stood fast with one important exception, and in the case of this skyscraper that was twisted grave structural faults are alleged. Hollow concrete tile, such as had been widely used in the building of apartment-houses and homes, stood the test satisfactorily. Demolition was confined, in the main, to flimsy frame or composition-board houses in the outlying districts, such as went up by the hundreds within a year or two when a suddenly augmented population accepted cheerfully any quarters that could keep off the rain. The terror of the great wind is written everywhere, and with peculiar impressiveness, in overturned tropical trees and in stripped trunks that may or may not send out new fronds. Even boats beached higher than by any previously known tide are not so awesomely reminiscent as the tortured trees.

The immediate test was of the courage and resilience of this city of 200,000 people. Red Cross officials say that when they arrived and took over the relief work the succoring of the injured and the sheltering and feeding of the homeless bespoke absence of panic and an admirable use of all the city's uncrippled resources. In the presence of tragedy and pain service knew no fatigue and the examples of self-sacrifice would have appeared sublime except that they were so common. The Acting Mayor discussed the city's losses calmly, but was moved to emotion when he spoke of the spirit that was manifested as the stricken people flowed together to carry aid to points where there was the most need.

"This disaster," he said, "has stripped Miami of the last vestige of artificiality. We were improving, but it took the hurricane to bring us down to the hard bed-rock of things. Hereafter you will find the Miami people unwilling to practice any illusion upon each other or upon anybody else."

Insurance money in considerable sums, available under policies of certain kinds, provided early funds to take care of damage and to start reconstruction. But insurance was lacking in places where the need was most urgent. The poor were left practically without resources to get a roof back over their heads, and the problem thus created was as stubborn in Hollywood as in Miami and most stubborn of all in Fort Lauderdale. Official Miami called eminent engineers and builders into consultation and, not content with the fact that no such hurricane had ever visited the region before or might ever do so again, prepared to lift building restrictions to a theoretical high point of safety. It is interesting that the engineers found that even in a wind of such unheard-of-velocity there need not necessarily be loss of life and injury through the yielding of material structures.

MIAMI announced emphatically, almost as soon as the dead had been buried, the injured cared for, the streets cleared, and the public utilities were beginning to come back to normal, that everything would be restored and in order when the customary tourist tide begins to flow southward with December. There were hotels and stores to be repaired and redecorated, furniture to be mended, and—vast undertaking—tropical foliage to be brought back to leaf and flower or to be replaced. The item of tourists who regularly spend $2,000,000 a day during the winter season was a considerable incentive. That alone might account—although it probably did not—for an immediate outburst of rehabilitation activity that carried one who had been in the San Francisco earthquake and fire back to the activity following that great disaster. Miami's thoroughfares were cleared of débris and wrecked automobiles, poles were lifted, and boats stranded in public parks went back to water with whatever tools were handy, but mostly, as it seemed, through

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the sheer force of men's wills. On Miami Beach a familiar show elephant proved that he could use his head to more serious purpose than cozening peanuts by steadying huge drooping palm trees with his trunk and butting them back to uprightness more swiftly than crews of Negroes could accomplish the feat with derrick and chains.

Thus physical Miami will doubtless appear to the winter invaders much as it might have appeared to them on the day before the big wind rolled in from the sea.

Palm frond and bougainvillea will bow and shimmer, and from the vantage-point of either causeway the sky-line of the city will be almost shockingly suggestive of the sky-line of New York; yet under the skin of things, as even the casual visitor will discover, it will be a different Miami from that through which he elbowed or honked his way last winter. The old boom Miami is gone—gone with the boom. It will be a new Miami and it will be—what?

A TRANSFORMATION has come to the so-called Magic City. The hurricane appears to have completed, but it did not initiate the change. To one who has kept watch on this always interesting metropolis for a year it seems not too much to say that during the past summer it has gone through, not one storm only, but two. When called on to weather the tropical hurricane, it had about reached the point where it could claim to have weathered the less spectacular, but hardly less violent backlash of its boom. The changed Miami is the result of processes which, however they may have been swept to their climaxing by the hurricane, were in motion from the day that earlier storm got under way.

When last winter's visitors departed, the glamour that had colored the land and to an extent the life of the lower East Coast and which had been fading for some time, vanished completely. That long, narrow strip between Miami and Palm Beach which derives its great natural loveliness from its closeness to the Gulf Stream, and which had been the scene of the major land excitement, experienced a harsh reversal. Not only was real estate no longer in demand at the old high prices, but it was no longer in demand at all. The thousands of persons who dealt in fifty-foot lots tried old devices and new devices to stimulate business and then faced the fact. Land interest, for the time at least, was at an end. All eyes turned to Miami, barometer and commercial capital of the lower East Coast. In that city the pendulum of the boom had swung the farthest, and if there was to be a backward sweep the city would have to bear the greatest rigor of consequences. Was the East Coast development, which Governor Cox had once declared grew out of the most significant human movement since the Crusades, to justify itself by going through a period of stabilization not without pain, but without panic? Or would the prediction of less friendly critics come true and witness the collapse of the Magic City capital along with what they had denominated an unjustifiable, unwholesome, land-gambling dream? What was going to happen in Miami?

At this writing it is possible to record with some clarity what did happen in Miami. With the dropping off of the land sales, about every other business except that of the filling stations slowed down. Men had been as confidently investing huge sums in what they could feel as in what they could see, and the plans for big undertakings based upon future population were canceled. The financing of any project of a speculative nature through private enterprise—it had regularly been private enterprise, and not the banks, which did such financing—became impossible. In some quarters confusion bred consternation. Occasionally a stampeded owner would throw a piece of business property on the market at a cut price. A real bargain found a prompt taker, and the transaction flew around the streets as good news. The town lost its lavish gayety. Men who had chattered conspicuously on the street corners began to crowd the outgoing trains. The gamblers, the sharpers, the weaklings, and the professional boom-followers, of whom there were legion, let go and disappeared.

The sound men recognized the gravity of the situation and took hold of their town. Some of the leaders did not hide their fear; others—those who had disliked and opposed the boom—expressed relief. Public steps in adjustment were quietly taken which reflected endless private conferences that were not so quiet. It is possible that astuteness and co-operation achieved larger victories with the town declining than in the days of its buoyant mounting up.

To hold this account to material manifestations of what was going on, it may be stated that after the slump had come the city voted by a three-to-one majority $12,500,000 worth of bonds to deepen the harbor, build new schoolhouses, and provide additional parks. Work went forward on Biscayne Boulevard, a superb one hundred-foot driveway cutting through some of the town's most expensive real estate, with the lopping off or pulling down of expensive apartment-houses and homes. The impressive sky-line continued to bring in an occasional new peak more than twenty stories high. New auto roads to traverse the lower East Coast and the Everglades went ahead, usually with money previously provided by bond

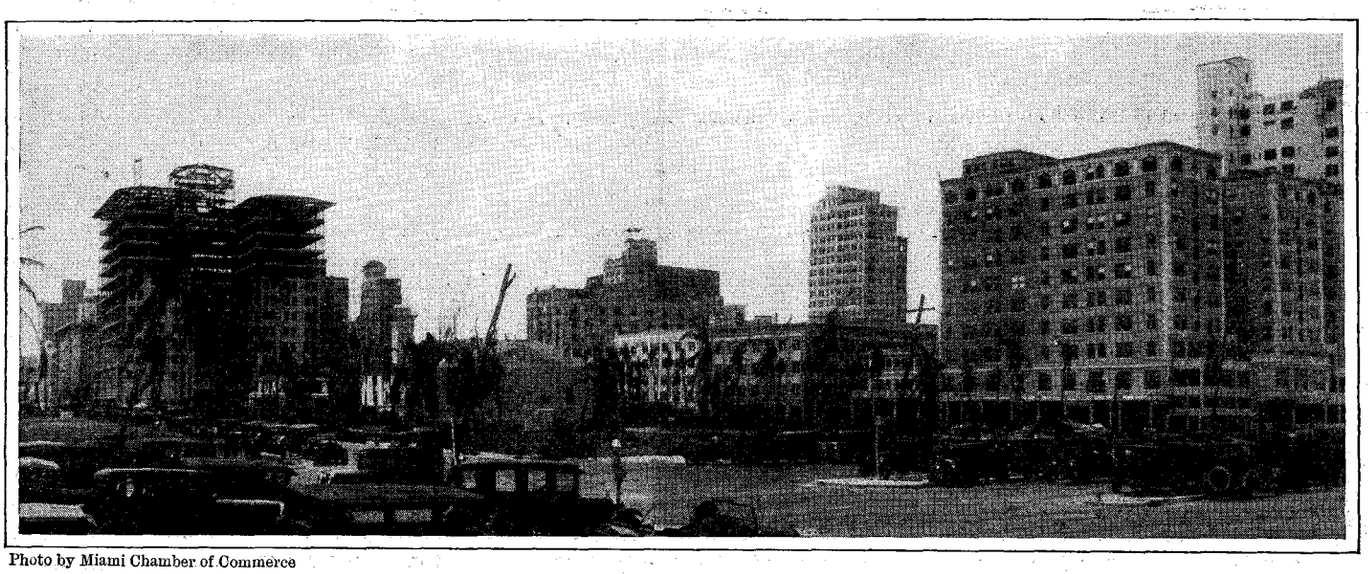

Photo by Miami Chamber of Commerce

Panorama of Downtown Miami Taken After the Recent Storm

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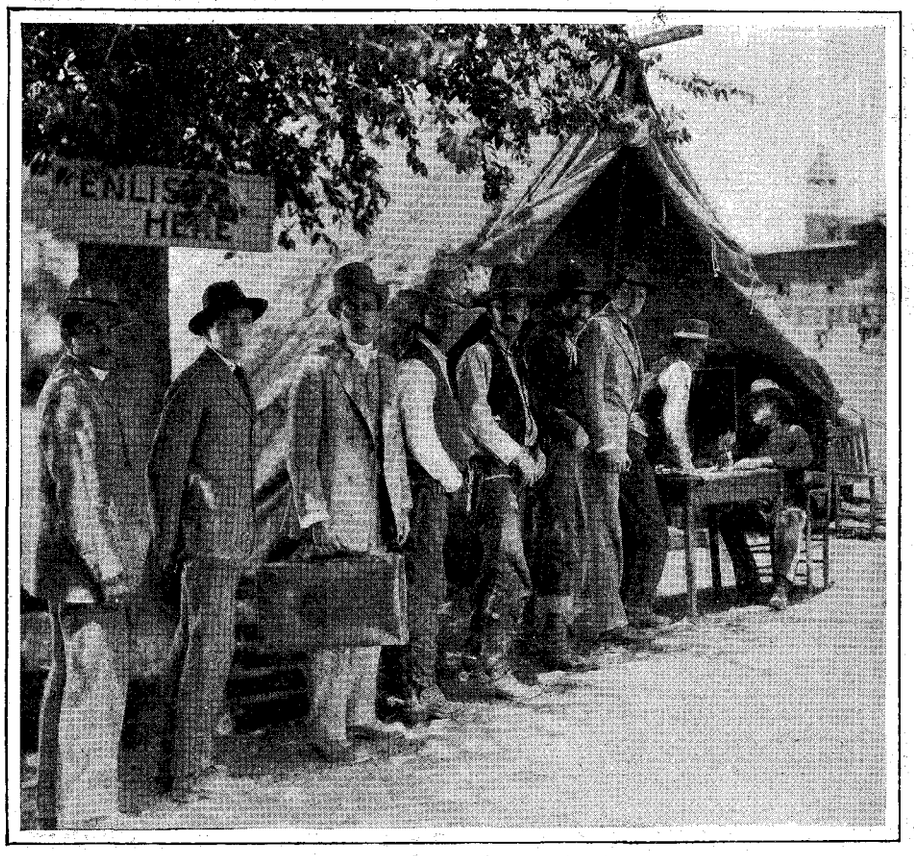
issues. Three railroads, spending as much money to improve their Florida service as was being spent for rail construction in the remainder of the country, still centered their efforts on widening their avenues down to Biscayne Bay.

These symbols of continuing progress were heartening, but they could hardly furnish a complete light of cheer. Through the summer Miami citizens wrestled in a storm of adjustment that taxed their true intentions, their resources, and their faith. But their town held. Then the hurricane, which was somewhat like a final trial by fire.

There are those who have had the vague feeling—kindled perhaps by unfilled real estate hopes, by jealousy, and by resentment bred of over-publicity—that somehow Miami ought to be punished. A single glance down one of the avenues of twisted and uprooted palms would cause any such persons to experience whatever of satisfaction their sense of retributive justice might afford. The city has suffered—suffered down to its soul. But the Acting Mayor says it has been stripped of artificiality and any lingering fondness for illusion, and that—with Miami, as with any other city—is a considerable sign. The citizens have lost millions upon millions in money; but there is the possibility, suggested by the zest with which they have leaped into rehabilitation, that they have found themselves.

The Rough Riders Come to Life in San Antonio

By HERMANN HAGEDORN



The Line at the Enlistment Tent

THE band is playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." What other tune, indeed, would any band be playing that knew its job as an echo of those scattered and forgotten bands of that unforgotten spring of 'ninety-eight? The bandmaster is short and chubby and wears a square brown beard. Old-timers remark how much he resembles Professor Carl Beck, whose enthusiasm for the Rough Riders periodically uttered itself in drums and brass from the day he greeted the first contingent at the old Southern Pacific station until that tragic night at the beer-garden when he tried to prove supremely worthy of the occasion—and something happened. A word of his at the "depot" as the train pulled in is still remembered:

"Play 'em 'Dixie'!" exclaimed an enthusiastic veteran in gray.

"Nix mit 'Tixie'!" retorted the Professor. "First 'Yankee Tootle,' den 'Tixie'!"

As for the beer-garden, Icarus never came down so hard as the fat little Professor that night. The town was giving the Rough Riders a farewell party; Riverside Park was crowded; everybody was out in buggies and surreys, on horseback, and on bicycles; young and old; mothers with babies, girls with fluttering hearts; and about five hundred Rough Riders. The Professor had arranged a special piece for the occasion—"The Cavalry Charge"—patently appropriate. And at the climax, when the brasses were at full blare and the big bass drum was quivering, the man behind the drum was to fire a shot.

The Professor dreamed without considering his audience. As the shot rang out a Rough Rider pulled his own gun. "Help 'em out, boys!" he shouted. What happened then is still remembered in San Antonio. Five hundred six-shooters went popping through the foliage of the great pecan trees overhead. There was such a scattering as not even that ancient cattle town had ever seen. Tables and benches were overturned in the stampede; women and children—and men too—took refuge behind trees and under wagons; the lights went out; the band and its leader fled; and still the guns went popping and flashing through the darkness. It was all very wicked of the Rough Riders, but the scramble to escape the "wild men" was a sight not to be forgotten. One episode lingers most vividly—the big bass drummer stuck in a window of the band-stand, the drum on one side, the drummer on the other, and a Teutonic sense of duty holding the drummer to his drum.

All that is 1898. But the movies, which, we are told, are changing styles, morals, and social orders from Kangaroo Corners to Kamchatka, are also undermining the validity of our most popular maxims.

In San Antonio history is repeating itself. Professor Beck is back from the grave at the head of his band, marching across the little bridge. Behind him comes an aggregation bearing a huge banner—"We are from Arizona." They are cowboys (afoot), miners, prospectors, hunters, sheep-herders, professional gamblers, sheriffs, and fugitives from

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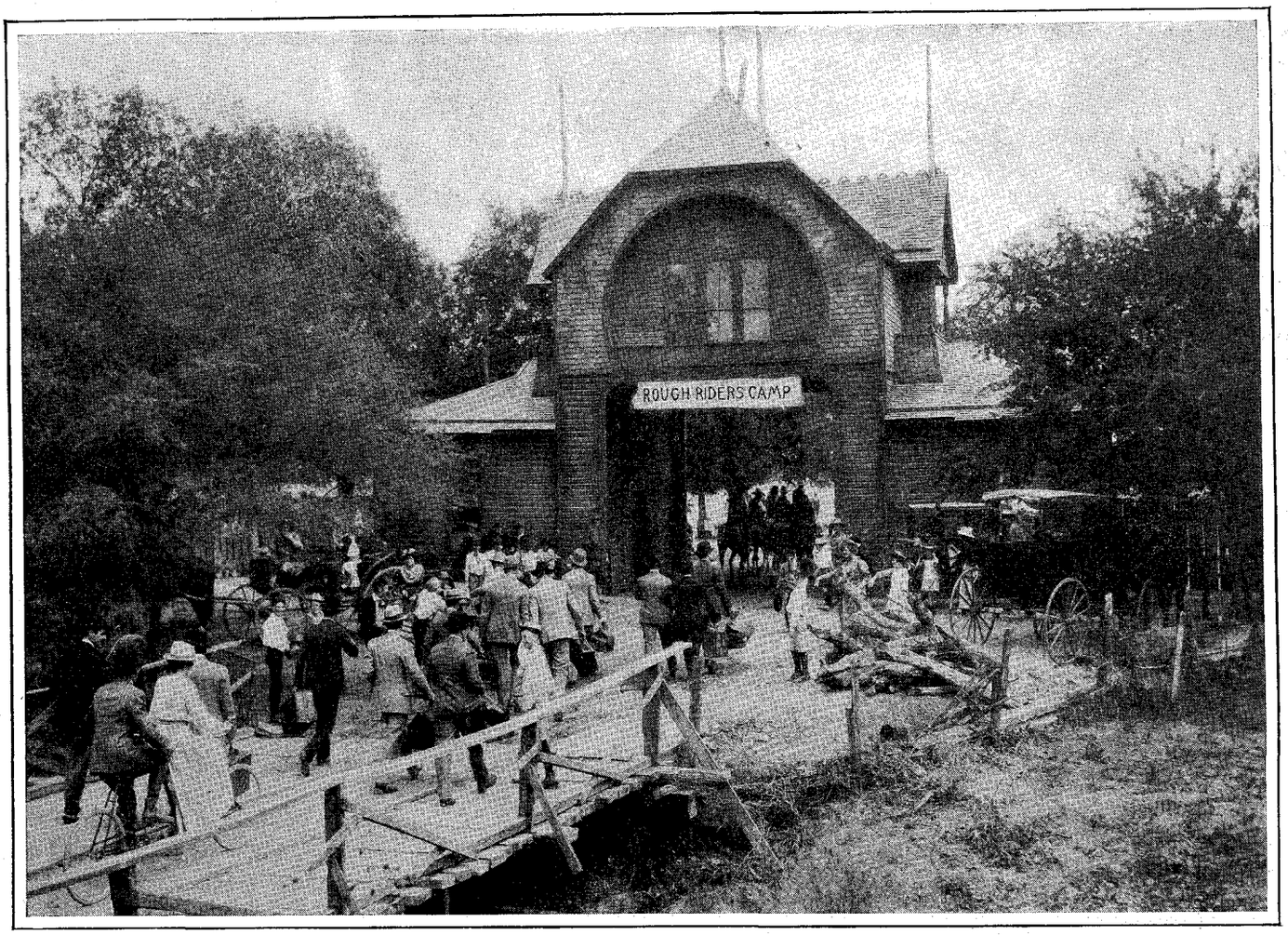
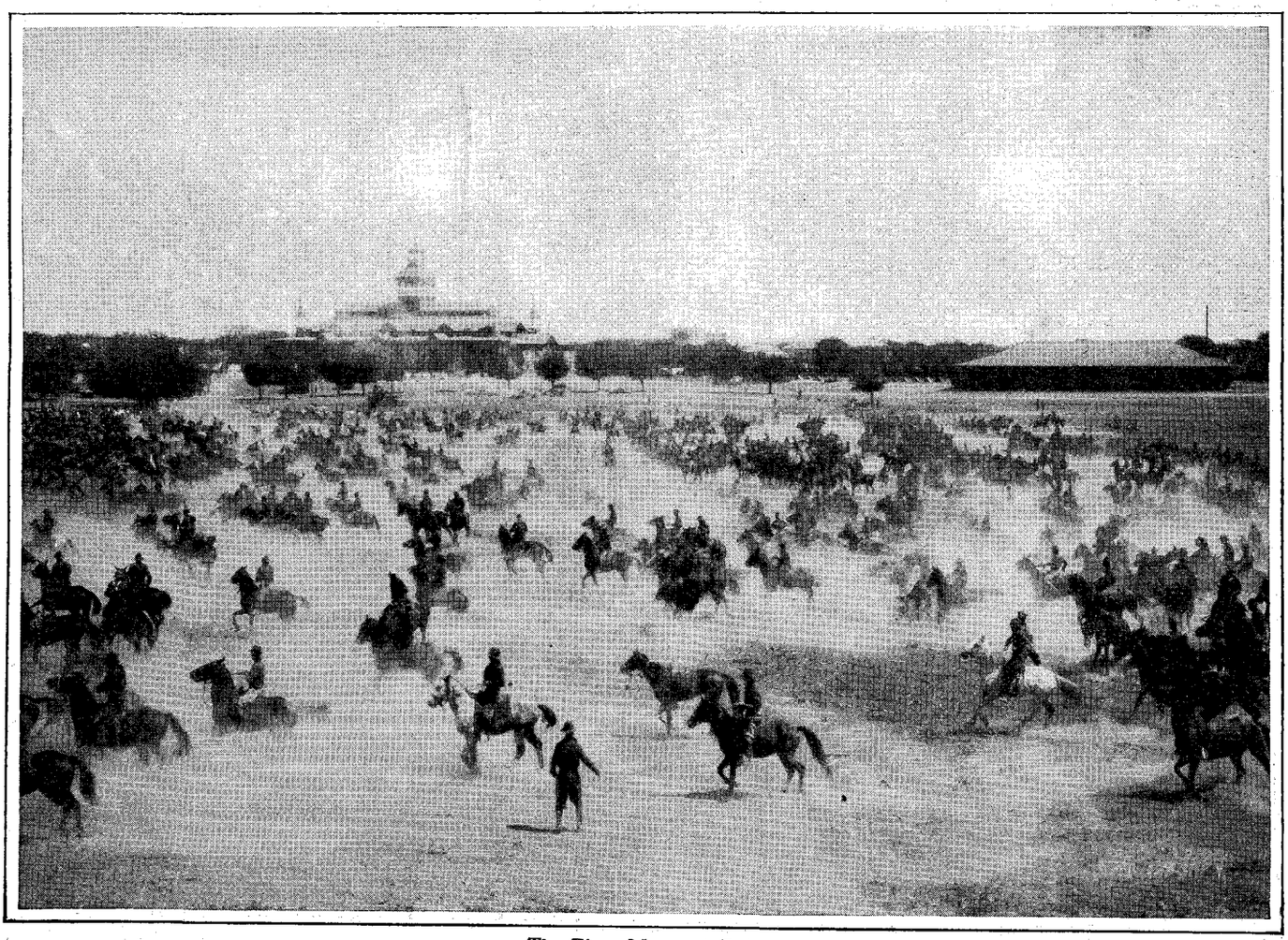


The Assembly of the Regiment



The First Mounted Drill

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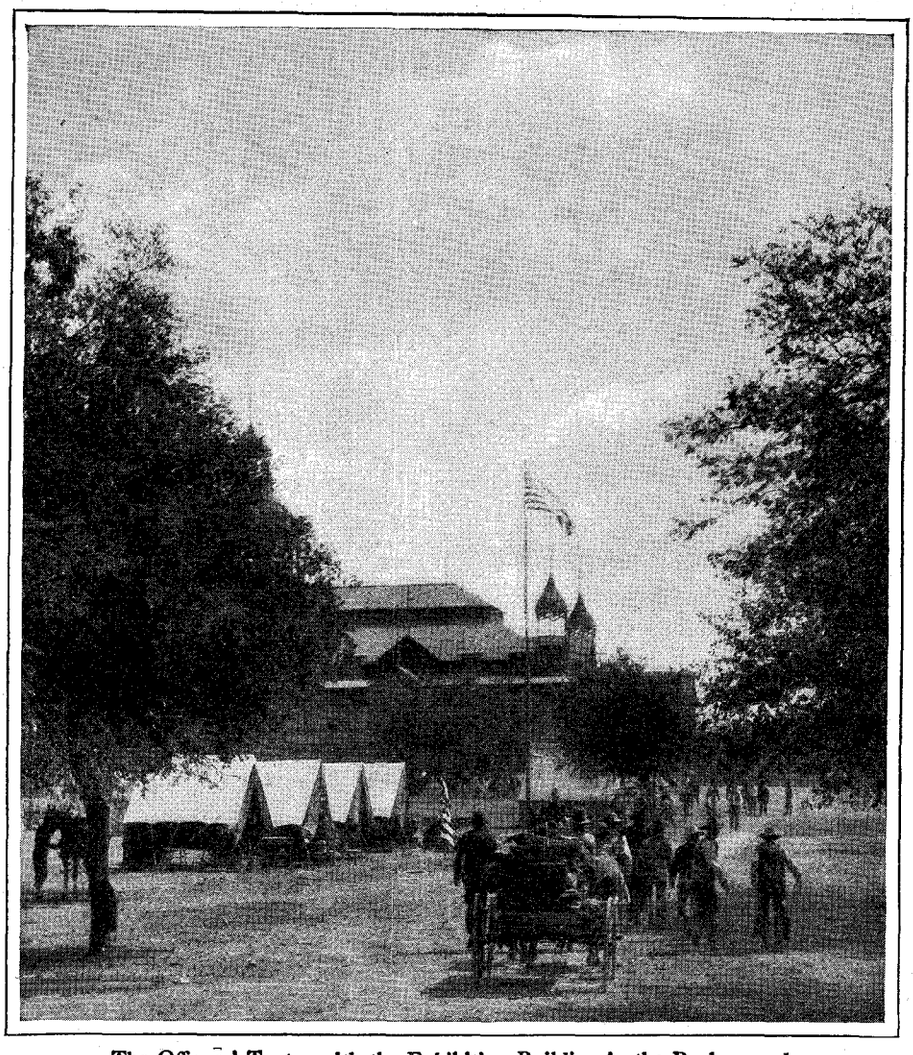
justice, some carrying carpetbags of the vintage of 1865, some carrying their saddles; some armed with rifles, all with six-shooters at their belts. They are followed by a dozen Westerners on horseback; these are followed by an army wagon with supplies. Behind the army wagon comes a group of a different sort—young men in custom-made clothes and derby hats, carrying voluminous overcoats and suit-cases and Gladstone bags and golf clubs. These are silk-stockings from Boston and New York and Washington; athletes from Harvard and Princeton and Yale. And behind them comes Mary Astor, in shirt-waist and trailing skirt and fedora hat, with Charles Emmet Mack riding a tandem bicycle.

The cameras click like distant machine guns. They are recording the assembling of the Rough Riders.

Over the bridge and through the gate go the strange and varied types. The gate-house looks as though it had been there forty years; the initials and dates of the eighties and nineties, carved into the scarred woodwork, carry out the illusion; actually it is six weeks old. The architecture gives painful solace for the passing of the good old days. But the green of hackberry and pecan in which it is set assuages somewhat the sensibilities wounded by the three-quarter arc framing the balcony over the gate, and the rippling line of the shingles, and the four spikes which rise from the crossed gables.

That three-quarter arc pursues you as you follow the recruits into the old Fair Grounds. It is on the inside of the gate, where you might expect it; but it is also, you discern to your distress, on the huge Exhibition Building three hundred yards to the left as you enter the camp—over each entrance and under each gable that breaks the lines of the two lower roofs. Four turrets topped by what look like enormous onions stand at the corners; there is another more magnificent onion in the center. Some carpenter, you divine, in a luckless moment came upon a picture of the Taj Mahal.

It is startling to come through the old gate—especially startling to one who has stood a few months previous on that identical spot and gazed out over a waste of mesquite and town rubbish and bits of bent pipe sticking out of the ground like the leg of some soldier too hastily interred. The mesquite is gone, the rubbish is gone, the pipe is decently buried. Before you are the level drill-ground ringed with trees which the photographs of 1898 have made familiar; the half-mile race-track; the long, low



The Officers' Tents, with the Exhibition Building in the Background

open structure with the broken roof line where the quartermaster sheltered his supplies. In front of the Exhibition Building are the rows of pup-tents; at right angles are the officers' tents. This tent was Leonard Wood's; this, Theodore Roosevelt's. Here the enlisting officer received the recruits, there the medical officer thumped their chests.

"Say, ain't it wonderful?" exclaims a bronzed, shrewd-eyed Rough Rider. "It's just as it was. There where the cook-stoves is is where Ham Fish an' I was peelin' potatoes the day I met him. We become buddies, though he was a sergeant an' I just a private, an' he was a rich swell an' I just a brakeman on the railroad. That was the way the regiment was."

At the enlisting tent is a motley crew in line; among the pup-tents fifty men, in the brown-duck trousers and blue-flannel shirts of the Rough Riders, are lounging, ready to jump into place at the word of command to furnish background for the scene of the enlistment. The line of recruits is itself background when it comes to revealing Colonel Wood in front of his tent receiving a telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt which tells with characteristic snap of the unbelievable red tape he must cut in Washington before he can join the regiment.

It is stirring to sit day after day under the hackberry trees, where in the old days the regimental officers had their mess, and see the story of the Rough Riders unfolding itself. The regiment is all one great awkward squad at first; with the best intentions in the world, some of the individualists from the Territories find it difficult to learn the significance of drill and discipline. A gay-hearted cow-puncher is on guard when Roosevelt arrives. He presents arms—and suddenly he recognizes the man driving past in the surrey with Colonel Wood. He has ridden the ranges with him in the Bad Lands. Discipline be hanged! he thrusts his rifle into the hands of an irate top sergeant standing at salute beside him, dashes after the carriage, stops it, greets his old friend, and is greeted like a brother.

We see Wood and Roosevelt with their brother officers; the quiet, military bearing, tempered by a very human smile, of the one; the vitality, the keen interest, the warmth, the flashing teeth of the other. Doubles of the men they

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are impersonating? Of course not. But curiously persuasive symbols, winning and holding the sympathy of even the critical onlooker by the simplicity and sincerity of their acting.

We see the regiment on foot, passing in review before Roosevelt. The lines bend and roll; nobody seems to be in step. The men grumble, knowing what an unholy show they are making of themselves; but Roosevelt speaks the saving word. We see the horses arriving—wicked horses bought in a hurry, anywhere, from any one; horse lines stretching eastward; the bronco on his side being shod. We see Roosevelt picking a wild horse and riding him through a half-dozen bucks; we see a thousand men in regimental formation on the drill-ground. The order comes, "Prepare to mount!"

"They may not be able to march," says Roosevelt to his Colonel, "but wait till you see them ride."

The Colonel gives the order, "Mount!" And instantly a thousand horses are either bucking or stampeding. It is a wild and thrilling sight to the observer seated under one of the cameras on a forty-foot platform—horses bucking, horses charging; riderless horses, unhorsed riders; dust blowing; officers yelling; only the colonels and their staff keeping their places.

"Yes, that's the way it was!" exclaims a man who was a sergeant in the Rough Riders. "You never saw such a mess!"

"I've seen all the big rodeos in the West," remarks a Texan of ancient lineage observing the scene, "but I've never seen a stampede like this."

Roosevelt, trying to hold his horse in place, turns with a grin to Wood. "It may not be very military," he remarks, "but it's the grandest circus I ever saw."

Meanwhile we see two boys competing for the love of the same girl—a Westerner and an Easterner, a country boy and a "swell;" we see another conflict, between a genial horse thief who has skipped jail to enlist and the sheriff who has enlisted to be near his man. But always in the background moves the regiment.

And once more we see assembled the men and the horses; two weeks have passed; the energy and firmness and understanding of two human dynamos have done their work; the motley aggregation is a regiment, beginning to know the why and wherefore of that odd word "Obedience," and beginning to love the two men who have taught them that it is not incompatible with an American's self-respect.

Like the story of the lovers, the story of the regiment develops toward its climax. A thousand men, a thousand wills, have been welded into a single weapon; no longer a mob, but an instrument capable of being effectively wielded with other similar instruments in combat against an intrenched despotism.

To watch the dramatization of this development, week after week, from under the hackberry trees is to learn considerable besides the technique of motion pictures.

The Merchant Marine and the Navy

A Plea that the Nation Awake to Its Own Interest

By CAPTAIN R. D. GATEWOOD, U. S. N.

IT is amazing how little the necessity for a merchant marine is appreciated in very many sections of this greatest of all commercial nations. It is quite easy to see how even the average intelligent and well-informed person in the interior of our country cannot well realize how extraordinarily difficult it is to have an efficient merchant marine and to overcome the many handicaps operating against us in our efforts to accomplish this. Indeed, few people know how many million man-hours go into the making of a single ship, how many trades are involved, and how many industries are called upon to contribute their products toward the completed vessel. How much less, therefore, can they know of the intricate and complex details of operating vessels all over the world and getting cargoes for them going and coming in this most competitive of all businesses in the world—shipping! This would require years of intensive study and experience, but it only requires a few seconds' thought and a little common sense to appreciate the *necessity* for a merchant marine. It is so obvious as to be axiomatic, and yet there are millions who do not know it.

Foreign Commerce

THERE is not a single industry in the United States that is so self-sustaining or so independent that it does not have to rely on foreign commerce to supply it with some material or article before it can manufacture its own product. Nor is there a single important industry that does not have to rely on foreign trade to absorb some part of its finished product. How long could a manufacturer or merchant remain in business if he allowed his competitor to be solely responsible for bringing him his raw materials and for carrying away his finished goods? How long, I ask you, could he be expected to make a profit? And yet that is precisely the state of affairs that would prevail without an American merchant marine.

As the standard of living in the world increases and luxuries of to-day become the necessities of to-morrow, as the purchasing power of many nations increases, as of course it must when exchanges have been stabilized and when productivity has returned to normal, as the more readily available supplies of raw materials are exhausted, necessitating locating new sources of supply in the far corners of the earth—as these things come to pass, world trade will expand vastly. How can we compete commercially in the great future markets if we are forced to pay our competitors at the rates that will be set by them to "fetch and carry" for us? Surely this is all too obvious.

The Navy

BUT this is only part of one side of the shield, the so-called commercial side. The other is the military side. After a merchant marine has helped us *earn* our fair profit in the world markets we must have a navy to help us *protect* this profit. No right-minded person denies the need for a navy. Men may differ as to the number, size, and type of vessels that go to make a well-balanced, efficient fleet, but all agree that some navy is necessary. But how can we have a navy without a merchant marine? It is unthinkable. Surely we of this generation learned that lesson in the Great War. We must have merchant vessels of our own, not only to carry supplies to and from our fleets and armies, but to train a seafaring personnel so that it will be available to man military vessels in time of war.

Just here let me emphasize a fact that

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has not been stressed enough. Most people believe that a merchant marine is part of a navy only in time of war. Not at all. A merchant marine is part of a navy at *all* times. There may be some argument as to whether aircraft should form an arm of the army or the navy, but there is not the slightest doubt that a navy without a merchant marine *is* no navy.

Moreover, the Government is mandated to the people to maintain the 5–5–3 ratio of naval strength set by the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. Since the merchant fleet is an integral part of the Navy, it must clearly be kept at its proportionate strength. It seems certain that non-productive naval fleets will be reduced by similar future conferences. This, then, will obviously make the *relative* strength of merchant fleets still more important and necessary to maintain. Unless we do this we are deliberately handing over to the British and the Japanese our share of the ratio. Our *National safety* depends on maintaining our ratio. Could any stronger argument be needed as a necessity for a merchant marine?

The Cost of Neglect

Just let me present some figures to think over. It is said that we are not "ship-minded;" but do you know that during the fifteen years between 1795 and 1810 we carried ninety per cent of the world's commerce in American-flag ships? Impelled by a variety of causes—direct subsidies by other governments, slowness to appreciate the value of steel construction, ease of making fortunes through the development of great natural resources in the interior of our country—we slowly left the sea for the temptations of the land, until during the next hundred years we had dropped down to eight per cent in 1910.

When the Civil War came, we had no adequate Navy or merchant ships effectively to blockade the few important ports of the South. When the Spanish War came, we had no merchant ships to carry supplies or troops to even the little army we had sent to Cuba. Do you know that in 1900 no American-flag ship sailed from our shores to the following countries: Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Italy, Hungary, Greece, or Turkey? In that same year only two small sailing vessels left our shores for France, and both of them returned in ballast. One small sailing vessel left for Belgium, and returned in ballast.

When President Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world in 1908, we had to use foreign-flag merchant vessels to carry coal and supplies for those few naval vessels. When the World War came, the great majority of our raw material imports and our exports were being carried in foreign vessels. Surely we remember how the South was paralyzed and in the hands of the banks for years after 1914 because there were no ships to carry its cotton and other products to countries that needed them so vitally.

No less an authority than Senator Wesley Jones, of Washington, the best-informed man on shipping matters in the Senate, has very recently said: "It is a conservative estimate, in my judgment, that our lack of ships at the beginning of the World War has cost our people more than $7,500,000,000. This is equivalent to an annual expenditure of $75,000,000 a year for one hundred years. What more is needed to show an intelligent and patriotic man from the financial side alone that we can well afford to pay out $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year for new ships and aid in the construction of new ships and their operation? No matter what others may do, I consider it so important for us to have a merchant marine that I am prepared to vote for any measure, no matter what it is nor by whom proposed, that offers a reasonable hope of giving us merchant ships."

A Profitable Investment

In the fiscal year just ended the Shipping Board received a revenue for freight, passengers, and mail, $81,038,731. Suppose, now, that we had no merchant marine other than our own coastwise fleet. We would have paid this $81,000,000 over to foreign steamship lines. Yes, and we would have paid a great deal more than this, because the freight and passenger rates would unquestionably have been a great deal higher, since they would have been entirely controlled by our competitors in world trade.

Again, in the fiscal year just ended the Shipping Board expended $97,700,710, and the larger portion of this amount was spent in the United States. Let us analyze this for just a minute and see what it means. About $15,000,000 was spent for crews' wages to American officers and seamen, who in turn spent most of it in the United States; over $10,000,000 was spent for food, stores, and equipment, practically all of this in the United States; about $23,000,000 was spent for fuel, practically all of it in the United States; over $17,000,000 was spent for stevedoring, a great deal more than half of this being spent in the United States; about $9,000.000 was spent for commissions, fees, and brokerage, a great deal more than half of it in the United States; $6,000,000 was spent in repairs, practically all of it in the United States; over $4,000,000 was spent in administrative expense and advertising, practically all of this in the United States. Figures as large as these serve to indicate what a great difference it would make to the industries and citizens of this country if all this expenditure were made in foreign countries instead of in our own.

Let me quote further from Senator Jones's splendid presentation of the case: "The freight money that the Government receives for the carriage of its cargoes while it owns and operates the ships is not the sole measure of its profits and the value of these ships. While we have had to take money from the Treasury to make good the deficit in their operation, we must not overlook the tremendous influence these ships have had in holding down ocean-carrying charges. Surely no one can doubt but that if we had not had American ships on the seas, as we have had during the last five years, ocean freight rates would have been much higher, to the great advantage of the foreign shipowner and to the great disadvantage of the American producer and manufacturer. The benefit to American business of every kind far exceeds the Treasury outlay."

But what is this Treasury outlay? For the last three years it has been less than six per cent of the total appropriations for the Navy. For the fiscal year just closed it has been less than $20,000,000. For the next year it will be around $15,000,000, or about the cost of one new scout cruiser. This is less than some of our single States spend on roads in a year.

Is it fair, or right, or proper to call this "loss" in any *real* sense? It represents actually the "cost" of three very vital things:

(1) The hauling and delivering of a proportion of our own raw materials and finished products of farm, factory, and forest;

(2) The best and only possible insurance on maintenance of reasonable and low freight rates, enabling our farmers and manufacturers to compete in the markets of all the world, because we run services (275 ships) to every continent and in all oceans; and

(3) Maintaining an absolutely necessary arm of the Navy.

Can any one tell *how* to make "Treasury outlay" do more than that, or where a dollar of public money can be spent to better advantage to *all* of our people than on the merchant marine?

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

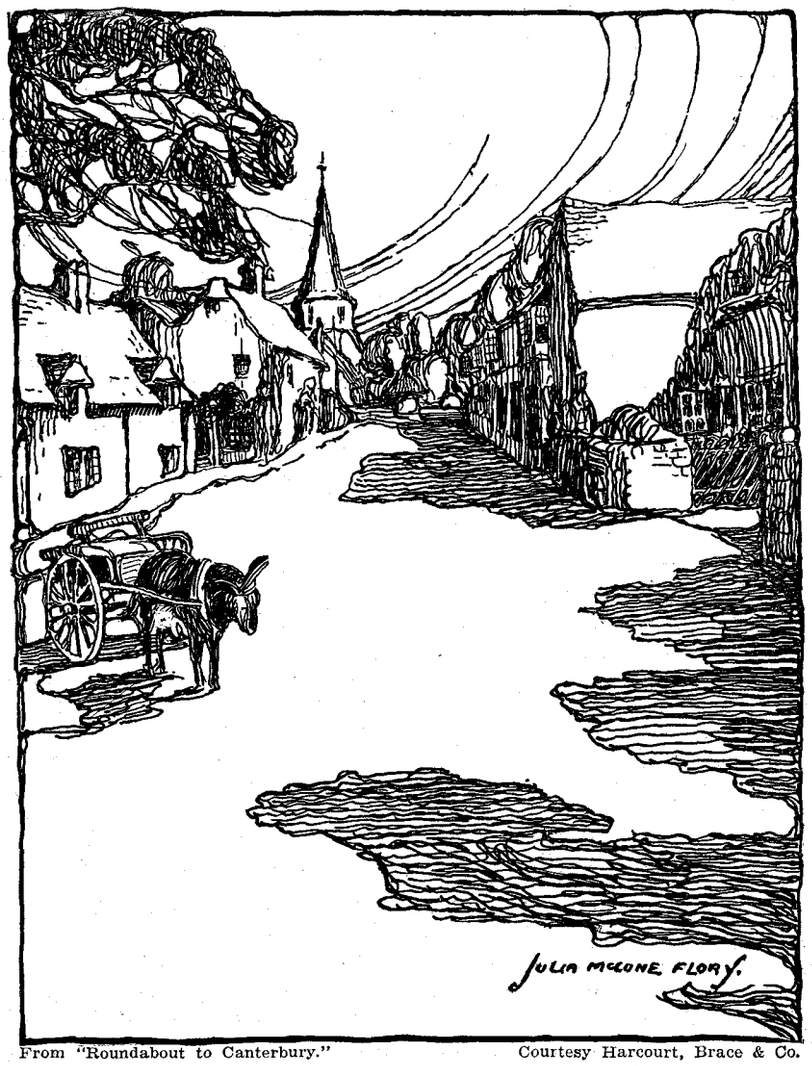
Voyageurs

Reviews by DRAKE de KAY

XENOPHON'S Anabasis is the noble ancestor of innumerable works of travel and adventure. It would be hard to find a better criterion for this narrative type unless one harked back to the myth of the Trojan War. The 13,000 Greek mercenaries were protagonists of an epic contest. Backbone of the Satrap's army, their assault upon the vastly superior forces of Artaxerxes is one of the most gallant incidents in the annals of war. The campaign that was to win fame and fortune netted precisely nothing—nothing but eternal glory! Cunaxa a shambles, Cyrus slain, Clearchus treacherously murdered, the retreat to the Black Sea a fight at every step, prevailing against implacable nature herself. A Grand Army that did not succumb to the Cossacks and the cold, but crossed the Beresina, decimated, yet without the loss of a standard. It is a thrilling theme and a great one because it combines two contests—that of man with man, and man *versus* nature. Wherefore it stands to-day in the first rank of travel and adventure stories.

In none of the books under consideration do we find this basic struggle set forth so boldly and unequivocally. They are not of the hero fellowship. Nevertheless each casts a faint reflection of those primal contests. No idle whim prompted Mr. Brooks[1] and his two companions to trudge a long month the roads and lanes of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent under rucksacks, when the trip might have been made in the comparative comfort of a Ford in a quarter of the time, not missing one of those charming village inns or conversations with droll characters in taprooms and cinemas. But nature in the English countryside, as they must have foreseen, is a tender mother. The worst she could do was to blister a heel.

[1] Roundabout to Canterbury. By Charles S. Brooks. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.



From "Roundabout to Canterbury." Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Mr. Brooks writes with a bubbling humor and makes no effort to delve beneath the smiling surface, nor does he dispel cherished beliefs in the mutton monotony of the cuisine and the excellence of native brews. Our jazz, movies, and (worst of all) our chewing-gum have made themselves thoroughly at home. It was inevitable that three Americans on such a tour should somewhere encounter a downright John Bull Englishman and be reminded of our National failings, and also that the islander's frank denunciation should result in the pleasantest evening of bicker about an inn table. Mingled with apt quotations from the poets (mostly minor), the author offers a sample or two of his own light verse, which he modestly admits does not approach Mr. Belloc's level. When you have turned the last of these pleasant pages, embellished by the pen-and-ink illustrations of Julia McCune Flory, you may not straightway resolve when next in England to tramp through the southeastern counties, but you will certainly include in your itinerary the Mermaid Inn at Rye.

A book of quite another color is Mr. Wallace Thompson's,[2] since the author has written objectively and with the intention of giving the reader at least an outline of political, economic, and social conditions in the five Central American republics. Panama and British Honduras are not included. He has occasional recourse to statistics, but never to a burdensome extent, the atmosphere of the book suggesting first-rate journalism. One is conscious of the author's skill in gathering and analyzing facts as well as of his ability to present them in the most interesting manner. It is a revelation to find that each of these tiny countries is endowed with a distinct personality, that the aim of the idealists in all of them is to achieve political union.

Although an enthusiast, Mr. Thompson sees his subject in true perspective. The beauties of nature, the marvelous richness of the soil, the cultivation and

[2] Rainbow Countries of Central America. By Wallace Thompson, F.R.G.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

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He Was Good as an After Dinner Speaker ~but at his best after an *Oyster Dinner!*

Offhand you wouldn't say there is any connection between oysters and oratory.

But look at old Cicero!

Of his day he had no peer on the platform. His eloquence was flawless. His irony matchless. He was followed by some and feared by others.

Naturally his time was in great demand. Naturally he found it desirable to keep himself fit.

Naturally, too, he was quick to discover that his remarks after an average Roman banquet, heaped high with the choicest viands of an entire world, were sometimes laborious or a trifle stilted.

But when oysters—as happily happened often—were the feature of the feast—his tongue was free and easy; his language sparkled like crystal; his voice was rich like music and his hearers were wrapped as in magic.

Just why oysters were so *good* and *so good for him*, perhaps Cicero couldn't tell. It remained for the scientific skill of a later day to disclose and catalog their digestible qualities, their nutritions values, their vitamine Cs, and their heavy content of iodine.

All he knew was that he liked them—and that they likewise *liked him*. Through experience alone he found that it *paid—to Order Oysters Often*.

NOW! Oysters Come to You ~ *Certified*

The packing, production, and shipping of Oysters is now carefully safeguarded by rigid Federal and State Regulations. Wherever you live, you can enjoy them with the same assurances of safety that permit you to enjoy your meat, vegetables, and milk.

Oysters

The *Last Word* in Sea Food

98 WAYS TO PREPARE OYSTERS

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, 18-B
Washington, D. C., or
Oyster Growers and Dealers Assn.
1115 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Send me your free booklet called "98 Ways to Prepare Oysters."

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

charming hospitality of the upper classes, do not blind him to the high percentage of illiteracy, the superstition, and evils inherent in the plantation system. That benevolent paternalism which flourished in our own ante-bellum South has its counterpart in Central America.

"Life is one long service to your *mozos*," says a young Guatemalan aristocrat. "You have to nurse them, marry them, get them out of jail, and if you aren't good to them you haven't any hands to pick your coffee, while if you hit one you get killed."

Especially interesting are the chapters entitled "Ways of Thought" and "The Path to Education." In the latter the author advocates a survey of the physical and mental development of the children by psychometric tests as a prerequisite to determining methods of education, assuming that American and European curricula are not applicable to the tropics.

The traditional love of letters in the English ruling class is exemplified in a sheaf of seven essays entitled "Fallodon Papers,"[3] by Viscount Grey. With one exception they deal with nature and books. Originally given as addresses without benefit of notes and reduced to manuscript by a shorthand writer, they bear, despite revision, the mark of oral delivery. Thus, though the author apologizes for their "roughness of expression," they have a certain freshness, a conversational quality as rare as it is agreeable. One gathers that Lord Grey's tastes are both sporting and literary. He confesses to a passion for salmon and trout fishing, but owns that books are the most satisfactory recreation, and of these he has most to say. Urbanity being a characteristic of English statesmen, it is not surprising that his prejudices are left to inference, nor is it surprising, considering his love of nature, that among the poets his preference should be for Wordsworth. Next to poetry he rates the great novels of character, which must be long, he declares, to be great, for it requires a long book to present a full-length. Apropos of novels which depend on their humor for their permanency, such as "Pickwick" and "Tristram Shandy," he remarks:

"Any pleasure to be lasting, so that we wish to return to it and to think of it again and again, must have its hold, not only upon the intellect, but upon the affections. There is a great deal of humor and wit which appeals only to the intellect, but gets no hold on the affections."

[3] Fallodon Papers. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Fiction

MRS. SOCRATES. By Fritz Mauthner. Translated by Jacob W. Hartmann. The International Publishers, New York. $2.

After John Erskine's success with Helen of Troy we suspect that the private life of many ladies of antiquity will be given us. "Mrs. Socrates," translated from the German of Fritz Mauthner by Jacob W. Hartmann, must be taken seriously enough, however, to feel the human tragedy of the Athenian Jane Welsh Carlyle, who, like that Scots martyr, found the rôle of a philosopher's wife not an easy one to play, and gained therein, not wholly justly, the reputation of the world's classic scold. The portrait of the inventor of the art of annoying conversation is not the best thing in Mauthner's story, and the pictures of Socrates's famous friends, Alcibiades, Plato, Xenophon, are only faintly sketched. The really moving thing is the loving, practical woman who understood the man who did not care to understand her, and loyally served and protected him to the end. This novel of twenty-three hundred years ago is by no means dull, and its repleteness with modern issues is carried out through its surprising conclusion, to which those familiar with the story of the son of another genius, Shelley, will find a parallel.

THE CHINESE PARROT. By Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

One of the thousand pearl necklaces familiar to readers of detective stories is the pivot around which revolves an entertaining tale of lawlessness. Bob Eden, son of the best-known jeweler west of the Rockies, accompanied by Detective-Sergeant Chan of the Honolulu Police, undertakes to deliver the Phillimore pearls to a client, P. J. Madden. Madden's sudden decision to have the pearls delivered to him at his lonely ranch in the California desert, instead of in New York, arouses vague suspicions. They agree to delay turning over the pearls to Madden, and while Bob enters the front door of the Madden household as a guest, Charlie Chan comes in to do some detecting via the cook-house. The night they arrive the Chinese parrot speaks for himself. His cries of "Help! Murder! Put down that gun!" sound like the echoes of recent foul play. From the moment, next morning, when poor Tony, the parrot, is found dead from an overdose of arsenic the little Chinese detective's work is cut out for him. It appears that murder has been done, but it is "a murder that marches backwards," since there is no body. Charlie Chan has neither the grand manner nor the assurance of his great predecessor, Sherlock Holmes, but he has the patience of the East. The situations which arise during the uncovering bit by bit of a gang of crooks are mildly exciting; the love affair between Bob and a young lady "location finder" for the movies sparkles; and the solution of the mystery is one that not many readers will guess.

Biography

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

From 1820 to 1875, from seventeen to seventy-two, Ralph Waldo Emerson kept a journal; irregular, informal, as a mere chronicle full of gaps and omissions, but of deep and fascinating interest as the spiritual autobiography of a piercing intellect

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and a seeking soul. In this, of course, lies its primary and greatest value, but it is rich throughout in memorable pages of philosophy, observation, and portraiture. Published in full in 1909–14 in ten volumes, under the joint editorship of Dr. Emerson and Edmund Waldo Forbes, it has hitherto been available in this massive form only, demanding more than many persons limited in time, purse, or shelf-room have been able to afford. Professor Bliss Perry, selecting and eliminating with admirable judgment, has succeeded in retaining in a single volume, not only the best separate passages which their crystalline completeness of construction makes a comparatively simple matter, but, what is more difficult, the unspoiled portrait of Emerson himself. Here in all his aspects may be found the philosopher and the man; from the charmingly tender indication of his baby in the study—"kissed fingers cannot write"—to the hard, straight manliness of the entry concerning the Fugitive Slave Law: "This filthy enactment was made in the 19th century by people who could read and write. I will not obey it, by God;" from the high and sweeping thought, "God builds his temple in the heart, on the ruins of churches and religions," to the quaint recognition, "This old Bible if you pitch it out of the window with a fork, bounce it comes back again."

Professor Perry's book is likely to prove more of a delight to those who already know their Emerson well than to those who do not, but desire a better acquaintance.

MORE UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS. By the Author of "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell." Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

Readers who accept this book at its face value will wonder whether Europe, Asia, and parts of America would not have collapsed if the author of this book had died in infancy. Princes, presidents, emperors, and queens relied upon him; pretenders, old and young, actresses, social favorites, and heirs apparent sent for him and begged him to rescue them and the scheme of things from ruin. Edward VII was his hero, though he could be nice to Napoleon III and patronizing toward Abraham Lincoln. It is a book which might have been written by "Beau Nash" (the fashion editor of the theater programs) in collaboration with the late "Marquise de Fontenoy," and almost any owner of an Almanack de Gotha. The number of blunders in some sections is large; the book is written in curious, rather slipshod diction, which gives the illusion of an aristocratic author who believes it hardly well-bred to be correct in his English usage.

A MUSICIAN AND HIS WIFE. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

It was Reginald de Koven who demonstrated that America could produce an operatic composer, if not of the first rank, one who became exceedingly popular and gave music lovers much to be thankful for. Did he not give us "The Begum" and "Robin Hood," which remain joyous memories? Especially do we look back with pleasure to "Robin Hood" as sung by the tuneful choir singers who became the "Bostonians," a company that sang light opera better than any ever assembled on this side of the ocean. Moreover, it was wholesome as well as charming.

Besides the chronicle of accomplishment Mrs. de Koven's volume gives much detail of social life in Chicago, New York, Washington, and abroad. The former Miss Farwell, who became the composer's wife, had exceptional opportunity for meeting people of consequence, and there is no lack of interesting memories in her chronicle. Congressman and Senator, her father filled a considerable place in public life. This his accomplished daughter shared. Biography

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Satire and Humor

PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By Douglas Woodruff. To-Day and To-Morrow Series. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

Socrates, brought to life, visits America, studies its ways, gives a luncheon talk to the business men of Hootsville, Iowa, returns to the coast and criticises the "movies," whereupon he is deported as an undesirable citizen. On an Athenian pavement, in the presence of Agathon, who had accompanied him, he tells his experiences to Lysis and Phaelon. No doubt the unfriendly reception given him had soured the good man's disposition, for he found little or nothing to praise. Xanthippe, on the other hand, had received in America a tumultuous reception from the womenfolk, and was known to have declared that the Americans were, of all people in the world, the truest lovers of the good. The philosopher covers a wide range of American faults and closes with the optimistic hope that our people, reading what he has to say of them, will amend their ways. The style imitates that of the Dialogues and is not without a degree of cleverness, though here and there this cleverness sags dismally. "Your countenance," says Agathon, "is one that grows upon people." "It grew upon me," replied Socrates. For an end man of a minstrel troupe in the period of the middle fifties this would have been fairly bright, but in its present setting is what the Thespians know as a "flop." How much of the satire expresses the presumed reactions of a philosopher of ancient Greece and how much expresses merely the pet irritations of the author cannot be guessed.

Poems

EAST WIND. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.25.

The second posthumous volume of Amy Lowell's poems is well named "East Wind," since New England's chill wind is no small factor in the formation of its character—and characters, for it is with these that Miss Lowell has to do. She penetrates into remote corners of New England, where most of the people are dead and others old, and where for those still extant life is so meager as to develop strange twists of mind that lead ofttimes to lunacy. Miss Lowell shows an understanding of the starved lives of these people—particularly the women,

> . . . maiden ladies left alone
> With still things on the walls and mantelpieces—

and these old wives' tales recount their fears, superstitions, weird fancies, and queer hobbies. There were Amos and his wife, who could not agree about the lawn—

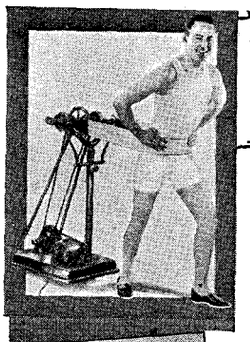
> He set by a straight slope and she wanted terraces,
> So they had a straight slope to one side and terraces to th' other.

There was Minnie, the farmer's daughter, so tired of routine—

> Nothin' done that ain't to do over again—

that when the cat was taken sick she was ready to drink a cup of wood alcohol. There was the tombstone underneath grandfather's stairs, chiseled, by mistake, Joseph instead of James. For economy's sake it was kept until the death of Joseph, but he was lost at sea and did not need it, and, as no one was named Joseph in that family again, it was never needed.

Miss Lowell misses none of the humor in these stories, but she is more alive to the gruesome, with which she seems to have a kinship. It is as though she supped on horrors. An example is "The Note-



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Book in the Gate-Legged Table," a morbid thought put here in the form of a madman's diary; this seems to have been something of an obsession with her; for we come upon the notion more than once, notably in "Footing Up a Total" in "What's O'Clock."

The first sentence in the book is not complete. It begins a description of the two Misses Perkins and their home, written in the rambling style in which Amy Lowell sometimes indulges:

You know, my dear, I have a way, each summer
When leaves have changed from ecstasies in green
To something like a crowd with raised umbrellas
Pushing for places at a theater door,
Whenever there's a reasonable wind—
And when there isn't, why I think it's worse,
They droop so underneath the copper sun
Sitting upon them like a metal cover;
I think the trees look positively tired
Holding the mass of them up all the time.

The conclusion of this sentence will be found in the next. "Merely Statement" Miss Lowell named one of her poems in "What's O'Clock," and this might, not ineptly, designate much of her work. She knows that she is sometimes tedious.

"My dear, I prose, you really must not let me," she writes.

The tales are haunting. As for poetic charm, they have none. Few, indeed, of Miss Lowell's lines are sufficiently arresting to remain in the memory. Though appreciative of beauty in others, notably Keats, she eliminates it from her own poems by divesting them of the power and the charm of artistic form.

Notes on New Books

FOREST FRIENDS. By H. R. Evans. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.50.

Brief stories about American animals, illustrated with photographs. For any one, grown-up or child, who likes to read about animals.

THE GREAT AWAKENING. By John David Godkin. Dorrance & Co., Inc., Philadelphia. $1.75.

A business man's reflections on religion and patriotism.

MOSES IN RED. By Lincoln Steffens. Dorrance & Co., Inc., Philadelphia. $1.75.

Lincoln Steffens, called by his publishers the veteran muckraker, writes a book about Exodus. He sees the revolt of the people of Israel as a typical revolution.

PHENOMENA OF THE BIBLE. By George A. Greene. Dorrance & Co., Inc., Philadelphia. $1.75.

The Bible explained in terms of psychology.

DAD, WHOSE BOY IS YOURS? By Frank H. Cheley. The W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. $1.25.

The sub-title of this is "Forty-eight Little Talks with Fathers Who Want to be *Real* Dads to their *Real* Boys." The author has also written "The Job of Being a Dad." Doubtless they are both well-meaning works, but they irresistibly suggest that this kind of a "dad" is apt to be a good deal of a dud.

AUTUMN FIRE. By T. C. Murray. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

A play in three acts about Irish country life.

KINGS IN NOMANIA. By Percival Wilde. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

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Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

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or bad or in betwixt and between according as it tends to accomplish its purpose or not. And the purpose of an investment depends, necessarily, on a large variety of circumstances, among which are, of course, the financial situation, present and future, of the person for whom the investment is made.

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will be not far from $8,000. Let us see just what the investment problem is here.

In the first place, although this is not a formal trust, it is nevertheless a *virtual trust,* and the parent is placed in a position comparable to that of a trustee. He is under a moral duty to cherish the fund, to invest it safely, and to procure a reasonable income. If he has any doubt about how to proceed, or any hesitancy about his ability in proceeding, the best thing he can do is to turn the money over to the trust department of a bank or trust company, where, for a small annual charge, he will secure investment service, bookkeeping, and safe custody of securities. In the event of the parents' death or in the event of any financial reverse in his personal affairs, the fund will be safe and its ultimate purpose fulfilled.

What is the ideal investment medium for such a fund?

Since the principal is to be conserved and since income is less important than principal, the character of the investment is determined without a great deal of difficulty. The money must be available at a definite time. For this reason it would seem that the choice lies between bonds, savings banks, and building and loan shares, or a combination of the three to give diversity. Seasoned preferred stocks might be considered, and if the fund were larger common stocks would be possibilities. The temptation to gain higher yields than the most conservative investments will give must be sternly avoided. It is also well to remember in picking bonds that bond prices fluctuate with interest rates, so that the bonds bought should bear maturities at or near the date for the need of the principal of the fund.

Much of what has been said above applies with equal force to a fund to be held for a child and given to him on, say, his twenty-fifth birthday. But we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the average man will both relieve himself of a burden and discharge his trust more effectively if he secures the services of a trust company to take the custody of the fund and to advise and counsel him as to investments.

From Inquiring Readers

"I WOULD appreciate," writes a reader in Iowa, "your opinion as to the advisability of buying new Chase National Bank stock now. I have the figures as to deposits, earnings, dividends, etc., but I would like to know what the best-informed people think of the future of the institution. Is it likely to be one of the biggest, strongest, and safest of the New York banks, and to increase in value and earning power? Was the combination made because of any weakness of either institution? Is now a good time to buy, or is it likely a lower price will prevail?"

Before repeating our reply to this inquiry, we want to say that this is just the kind of inquiry which we most heartily welcome. It is very definite. It says what the inquirer wants to know and what he doesn't want to know. So often we reply more or less blindly to questions because we are ignorant of the extent of the questioner's information—whether he has or has not at hand the statistics as to earnings, capitalization, and the like. But to our reply:

"The Chase National Bank is one of the strongest financial institutions in New York—in fact, in the country. The recent consolidation, so far as we can learn, was in no way promoted by any degree of weakness in either of the two banks which joined forces.

"Bank stocks are usually fairly stable in price, and, while it is impossible to forecast fluctuations, we should say that the probabilities are that the value will increase over a period of years rather than decline. For these reasons we cannot answer directly your question as to whether this is the best time to buy. In a sense, a sound investment stock is almost always a good buy for the 'long pull.'"

ALONG with other textile securities, some of those of the American Woolen Company have not given their owners the most cheerful possible feeling in recent months. What we wrote to an inquirer in New York may help some one else to form his or her decision:

"The story of the American Woolen Company is difficult to compress in small space. This corporation is suffering from one of the periodic depressions which occur in the textile industry and also, internally, from the effect, as we see it, of over-expansion under a management which has now been displaced. Long one of the leaders in its field, it would seem highly probable that American Woolen will 'come back,' but the date of its return is hard to forecast. It has a magnificent property which should yield good returns to its stockholders if, as, and when the depression is over and conservative, frugal management asserts itself."

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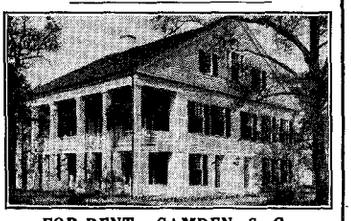

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AMERICAN, middle-aged, executive training, traveled, active, energetic, excellent health, experienced, as hostess-housekeeper, traveling companion or chaperon, sorority or fraternity house. References exchanged. 7,320, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman, wide experience, would accept responsible home position. 7,325, Outlook.

CAPABLE teacher of long experience wants tutoring or teaching position. Yale graduate. Free to go anywhere. 7,328, Outlook.

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COMPANION for lady of refinement—home or travel in America—after 15th of November. 7,329, Outlook.

COMPANION or secretary. Cultured woman, registered nurse, secretarial experience, wishes position to travel in Europe. References given and required. Miss Bess B. McCormick, 3416 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPANION-secretary to elderly lady or couple. Lady of education and refinement, good reader, competent, executive. Willing to travel. Best references. Services available *immediately if desired*. 7,335, Outlook.

COMPANION. Young woman, Virginia born and bred, now in New York, desires position with woman of culture in or near city. 7,327, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, college education, Protestant. French, German. Fifteen years' successful experience with children. Excellent references Paris, New York, Philadelphia. Miss Moeller, 1133 Rising Sun Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. Good sewer. 7,324, Outlook.

LADY, experienced, capable, desires position as housekeeper to elderly couple. 7,333, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, experienced, educated, refined. 7,332, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, companion to elderly lady, or housekeeper, supervising, by educated, cultivated woman where qualifications will have worthy remuneration. 7,330, Outlook.

OPPORTUNITY travel West caring for children or invalid. References exchanged. 7,321, Outlook.

RELIABLE woman wishes position as housekeeper. Capable of assuming charge of home and help. 7,322, Outlook.

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WELL-educated, experienced governess, capable, successful, wishes city position. 7,313, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

EXPERT help for all kinds of club papers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 7,262, Outlook.

TEA room for sale—one block from Washington's finest hotel. 7,334, Outlook.

By the Way

PRESIDENT BOARDMAN, of Maine University, told the following story to his graduating class in order to illustrate his point that one should work hard, but one should occupy himself in useful work: "There is a fable which runs this way. The tourists, having lunched at the hotel, climbed to the top of Mount Baldface. There they saw a hale old man sitting on a rock with a telescope a yard long in his hands. Every few minutes he would let out a series of loud whoops. The whoops resounded through the defiles of the mountains. Plainly the old man's lungs were in a wonderful state of preservation. The puzzled tourists looked and listened for some time. Then they went up to the old man, and their leader said: 'Why, old friend, do you peer so anxiously through your telescope, and then cry aloud as if in pain at what you see?' The old man frowned at the tourist, and answered impatiently: 'If you talk to me you'll distract my attention and I'll lose my job. I'm the echo for this district and'— Here he looked through his telescope again, and sent forth a long succession of resounding whoops."

Referring to the mention in Don C. Seitz's recent article in The Outlook on "Mountain Folks" of a hand pointing upward on a tombstone, plus a question-mark, a valued correspondent in Bradford, Vermont, writes: "There is a headstone in this town with a hand pointing downward and over the hand the words 'Gone Home.' And, alas! there is no question mark."

Bob Benchley tells a story about a man who went to a bakery and asked the baker whether he could bake him a cake in the form of the letter S, and the baker said, "Yes, but it will take several days." "Very well," replied the man. Four days later he came in to see the cake, but when the baker showed it to him he said: "Oh, that is a script S; I forgot to tell you that I wanted it in the form of a block-letter S." So the baker said: "Very well; but it will take two days more." So the man came back two days later, and the baker showed him the cake, and it was what the man wanted, and he said, "Yes, that is exactly right." So the baker said, "Where shall we send the cake for you?" And the man replied: "Oh, never mind that; I'll eat it right here."

Upon noticing the fake "United States Prohibition Enforcement Agent" badge on the cover of The Outlook of October 13, a New York banker said to an Outlook representative, "Where can I get one of those badges? A friend of mine has one, and is admitted in any New York night club, with all cover charges waived."

He: "I'd like to know why you don't treat the servants like you treat me."

She: "Why, they would leave at once if I did!"

From "Punch:"

A military expert predicts that the next war will be fought by wireless. From what we heard the other night, we had the impression that it had started.

From "Penn Punch Bowl:"

New maid: "I found this purse upon your desk, sir." Junior: "I must reward you for your honesty. I left it there purposely as a test." New maid: "That's what I thought, sir."

An Associated Press despatch from London states that England has turned from cross-word puzzles to Peter-Piperisms.

Peter-Piperisms are alliterative sentences containing at least eight and not more than twelve words, each of which begins with the same letter.

"Since short skirts still seem stylish, silk stockings shouldn't sag," is the contribution of one alliterative expert.

Another hopes, "May many more manly miners migrate, marry methodical maids, make much money."

Others are:

"Mr. Manager, money might make Maud marry my miserable Max.—Max's Mother."

"Stephen, shyly stroking Sylvia's shining shingle, seemingly surmises smiling Sylvia's single."

"Lilly likes licking limp licorice."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Mannishly dressed lady: "Did you catch any fish, little boy?"

Country boy: "No."

Mannishly dressed lady: "No, what?"

Boy (gazing dubiously at her rig): "I—I don't know."

"This is a genuine skunk fur, madam. We guarantee that it will wear for years and years."

"But suppose," replied the lady, "I get wet in the rain. Won't the water spoil it?"

"Madam, did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

A Japanese girl in Shimane Prefecture, we believe, has the longest name in the world. She is called "Maronakikusurouyayechiyoko Sawai."

"My father had no son or daughter," she says in explanation, "and, being a Shinto priest himself, used to offer prayers asking that he be favored with a child.

"The god responded to my father's request and I was born. But before I was born my father wished that the baby would be a boy, while my mother hoped for a girl.

"Both father and mother prepared names for me. Father picked out a good name for a boy and mother also a good name for a girl.

"When the baby was born, it was a girl. My father refused to give up that boy's name and my mother insisted on her girl's name. Finally they agreed to mix up the two names with their own and here I am as Miss Maronakikusurouyayechiyoko Sawai."

There seems to be something missing in this sentence taken from the Independence (Kansas) "Daily Reporter:"

Mrs. Jewell sang a solo without the aid of the organ, which went to the bad early in the services, and the singing by the congregation was also without music.

One of the recent banquets at the Hotel Astor in New York City was called a "speechless dinner." The usual addresses were printed and distributed to the four hundred diners. A worthy precedent.

From "Capper's Weekly:"

Mrs. John: "Why did you give that check boy a dollar for a tip just to get your coat? You surely throw your money around!"

John: "Yes, dear, but look at the coat I got."

A package shipped by air mail from San Francisco to Philadelphia bore one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stamps. This is said to have established a new high record for postage paid on a single parcel.

Here is another anagram. Five words of six letters each are needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week:

A —— with the —— of purple was walking down the street. Along came a little girl dancing like a ——. She said to him, "I will give you my —— apple if you will help with my French lesson. What does —— mean?"

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